THANKSGIVING

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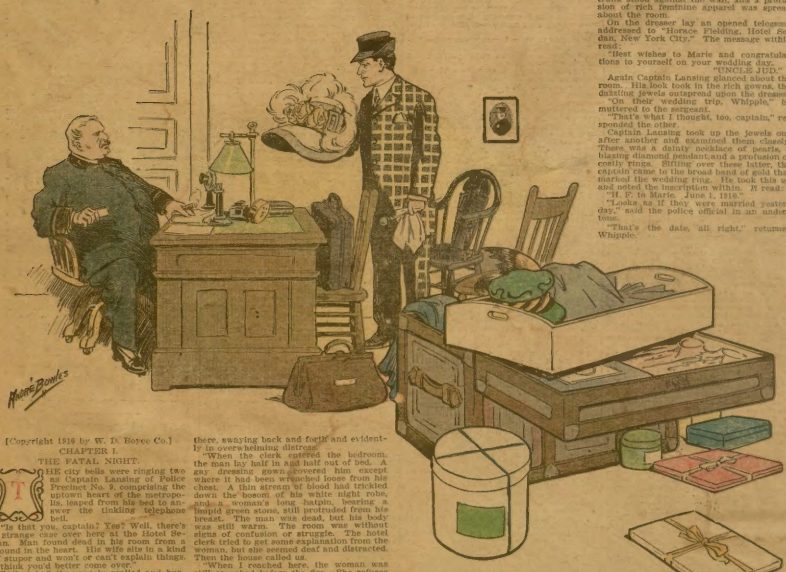
THE SILENT BRIDE;

Or, SLAIN ON HIS WEDDING NIGHT

By G. T. HARGREAVES



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CHAPTER I.

THE FATAL NIGHT.

The city bells were ringing two as Captain Lansing of Police Precinct No. 9, comprising the uptown heart of the metropolis, leaped from his bed to answer the tinkling telephone bell.

"Is that you, captain? Yes? Well, there's a strange case over here at the Hotel Sedan. Man found dead in his room from a wound in the heart. His wife sits in a kind of stupor and won't or can't explain things. I think you'd better come over."

"All right," the captain replied and hurried into his clothes.

Sergeant Whipple, who made the report, was a careful and considerate police officer and never called his superior from his rest for any ordinary case. Moreover, his brief description whetted his captain's detective instinct and made him anxious to get close to the details.

When Captain Lansing reached the Sedan a half-hour later, he was taken at once to Suite D on the fourth floor. Whipple met him outside the door.

"It's one of the strangest cases I ever struck, captain," he began in a whisper. "A bellboy heard groans in the room about an hour ago. He notified the clerk and the clerk came up and rapped. The woman with a dressing gown thrown about her, opened the door after a long delay. He says she was pale and disheveled and that her face was drawn with agony. She glanced with a look of horror toward the door leading to the inner room of the suite and then sank down before the grate fire. She sits there still, holding her head between her hands, staring wildly into the low, blue flame. She hasn't spoken a word and won't answer a question, but just sits there, swaying back and forth and evidently in overwhelming distress.

"When the clerk entered the bedroom, the man lay half in and half out of bed. A gay dressing gown covered him except where it had been wrenched loose from his chest. A thin stream of blood had trickled down the bosom of his white night robe, and a woman's long hatpin, bearing a limpid green stone, still protruded from his breast. The man was dead, but his body was still warm. The room was without signs of confusion or struggle. The hotel clerk tried to get some explanation from the woman, but she seemed deaf and distracted. Then the house called us.

"When I reached here, the woman was still crouched before the fire. She refuses to answer a question. At first I thought she was really deaf, but when I pressed her for some word she looked up appealingly and whispered: 'Please don't.' That is all I have been able to get out of her. She seems stunned into silence. The man's body was turning cold when I felt it. It may be suicide, but it looks more like murder. I'm puzzled, though, and thought I'd let you decide what to do with her."

When Captain Lansing entered the suite, the woman was still crouched upon the floor, gazing wildly into the low grate fire. Her elbows rested upon her knees, and her hands supported her blanched and tortured face. Though fearfully distorted now, her features bespoke beauty and refinement. Her cheeks were like polished ivory, her eyes, a deep and thoughtful blue. Her forehead was broad and dark. Curving eyebrows gave her a look of marked intelligence. Lips full yet firm and a chin broad and slightly pointed, showed her to be of uncommon determination. Yet over every feature there was a hint of gentleness and affection.

A beautiful crown of hair that caught and nursed the golden reflection from the grate hung disheveled over her shoulders and down her back. She gave no sign that she noticed the captain's entrance.

In silence, but with a sharp glance about the room that revealed no sign of violence the captain passed into the inner room. A coverlet had been thrown over the body of the dead man. Turning it back he made a critical examination of the remains. But there was little to discover beyond what the sergeant had told him. The man was unmistakably dead. The long jeweled hatpin protruding from his breast had evidently pierced his heart. The face, that in life must have been handsome, still retained a look of intense pain.

Then, examining closely, Captain Lansing found clenched in one of the hands of the dead man a few strands of long golden hair. He gathered them up carefully and curled them into his note book.

The arrangement of the apartment here as in the adjoining room showed no sign of struggle or disarrangement. A mammoth trunk stood against the wall, and a profusion of rich feminine apparel was spread about the room.

On the dresser lay an opened telegram addressed to "Horace Fielding, Hotel Sedan, New York City." The message within read:

"Best wishes to Marie and congratulations to yourself on your wedding day.

"UNCLE JUD."

Again Captain Lansing glanced about the room. His look took in the rich gowns, the dazzling jewels outspread upon the dresser. "On their wedding trip, Whipple," he muttered to the sergeant.

"That's what I thought, too, captain," responded the other.

Captain Lansing took up the jewels one after another and examined them closely. There was a dainty necklace of pearls, a blazing diamond pendant and a profusion of costly rings. Sifting over these latter, the captain came to the broad band of gold that marked the wedding ring. He took this up and noted the inscription within. It read:

"H. F. to Marie. June 1, 1910."

"Looks as if they were married yesterday," said the police official in an undertone.

"That's the date, all right," returned Whipple.

"But what's the wedding ring of a bride who's been married less than twenty-four hours doing off her finger?" said the captain, quizzically. "Usually brides are as superstitious they won't take 'em off for months."

"That's part of the puzzle, maybe," suggested his subordinate.

When the pair went back to the outer room of the suite, the woman still remained crouched before the fire.

"Mrs. Fielding"—she seemed to shrink at the name, but otherwise showed no sign as the captain began to speak—"maybe you can tell us something of how this happened."

The tone was gentle, but the suggestion elicited no response. In a moment he began again:

"I am a police captain and must learn how your husband was killed. Can't you tell me?"

Her frame shuddered at the word "killed" and her face took on added anguish under

a long gasp. But still no reply came to the inquiry.

"Did he do this himself?" queried the captain.

The woman remained dumb.

"Did—did you leave any part in it?" Lansing next asked stumblingly with breathless pause listened on the distressed creature at his feet.

Still she gave no sign that she either heard or heeded.

Captain Lansing drew out his note book, picked up the thin strand of hair he had taken from the dead man's hand and laid it against the lustrous locks of the silent woman. It seemed to match accurately. There could be no doubt that it came from her head, he promptly decided. As he was replacing this piece of evidence against her, a tap sounded at the door. It was answered by the servant.

"The reporters are in the office after the story," he reported.

"They'll have to wait," was the order the captain sent back. Then he turned to Mrs. Fielding again:

"I am sorry, madam, but unless you can explain this thing satisfactorily and at once, you will have to accompany me to police headquarters."

She swayed widely and for an instant seemed about to topple, but quickly nerved herself. Her silence continued, however. The captain waited a moment, then turned to his subordinate.

"Sergeant, call the coroner and then a cab," he ordered. "I'll have to lock her up."

CHAPTER II.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR'S SHADOW.

Twelve hours later "Uncle Jud" Nelson, summoned from his home in an up-State town by the coroner at the hope that he might throw some light on the mysterious tragedy, bolted into the office of Captain Lansing, who had been placed in charge of the case.

"For God's sake, man, can't you explain it?" he blurted out at the police officer.

"I wish I could," was the answer, "but won't say a single word to any of us. Even the matron who has waited her several times out of pure sympathy only gets a stony stare."

"Let me see her," said the uncle.

They brought the bride up from her cell. Her face was blanched from the shade of death. Great black rings encircled her tremulous eyes. Her hands shook as if under some powerful emotion. Yet about her lips there was a set determination that spoke of some mighty resolve.

At sight of the old man she clutched the back of a chair for support and would have fallen had not his sprung forward and steadied her until she was weakly into it.

"My poor child," he began as he gently smoothed her disheveled hair, "what an awful blow!"

He took her hand and pressed it kindly, then whispered unevenly:

"Marie, tell me all about it."

The look of despair that had possessed her beautiful face following the discovery of the crime slowly retreated from it again. Her face fell forward until it was buried in her hands.

"Come, my child," Nelson went on, "relieve your mind and you will feel better. I have nothing but my sympathy in advance, whatever you may have to tell."

For a moment she seemed to struggle with herself. Then she looked wearily up.

"I cannot, Uncle Jud," came almost like a rasp from her throat.

"But you must, my child. The police are prepared to hold you for this. You are sure you can clear yourself—somehow. But we must know your story."

Her deep-sunk eyes rested on Captain Lansing for an instant. Nelson noted the look and, turning to the captain said:

"Please leave us alone. She may say to me what she would not before you."

Willing that the effort be made, the captain withdrew. Half an hour later Mr. Nelson summoned him back. Half-annoyed, half-amazed, he was exclaimed:

"It's no use, captain, I can't get a word of satisfaction or explanation out of her. To every question I have put she only gasps 'I cannot,' I cannot!' "

When the matron had returned the fair prisoner to her cell, the captain asked:

"What about them, anyway?"

"Why, Horace was my nephew. He was thirty last week. Marie is several years younger, an orphan and fairly well-to-do in her own right. She has not one relative that I know of—a cousin, living somewhere out West. Horace's parents died long ago. I am his next of kin and expected to make him my heir, although he was well off. They were lovers and sweethearts from childhood. They expected to be married soon after graduation from college, years ago, but for some reason that he never told me about it, was put off year after year. Last Christmas they finally decided that the event should take place in a month, but when the month arrived Horace became, who had gone away on some business, sent word that he couldn't, would have to be put off postponed a little longer. Then Marie had a long spell of illness and only recently recovered her strength. That seemed to alarm Horace. The wedding was said about—either date for the oft-deferred wedding to me until yesterday when I got a telegram stating that as he had a chance to sail for society or show they had decided to be married here quietly and spend a year's honeymoon in Europe. I was to have come down for the ceremony, but could not get away, so I wired them a message of congratulation."

"You've found it in their room," responded the captain. "Was there ever any serious disagreement between them that you know of?" he asked.

"Nothing of the kind that I ever heard of. So far as I know they were an ideal pair of lovers, courteous, happy and self-contained. They liked the same books and enjoyed the same amusements."

"And ever show any jealousy or ever have occasion to entertain any?"

"No, nothing that I ever heard of."

"What about insanity? Ever any trace of the emotional kind in her or his family?"

"Come to think of it, her mother was called a little queer the last year of her life, but that was all. Her father was a man—well—entirely normal. Neither of have both been dead several years. As for Marie, why, I never saw her excited in her life. She has always been exceptionally calm and even-tempered—for a woman," Mr. Nelson rounded out his statement as a confirmed bachelor, such as he was, would naturally do.

"Well, it's her crime," said the captain decisively, "and she will have to stand that. But for the life of me I can't find a motive."

"But are you positive, captain, that she did it?"

"If she didn't, she'd say so mighty quick, wouldn't she?"

"Could he have done it himself?"

"How should he able to answer that better than me. Haven't you just said that there's nothing in his life that you know of to cause suicide?"

"How about some one else?"

"Impossible, I tell you," snorted the captain impatiently. "If it had been, wouldn't the wife be ready to point out that fact. Besides, it was her hair we found clenched in his hand, not some other person's. There's no struggle between the two."

"Well, well, keep cool, then. I wish I had some other kind of a clew, but I must confess I haven't. Horace was a peculiar man in some respects. He was not in society, fond of taking trips away from home for weeks at a time, with few friends or clubs or associates. But he had everything to live for—fortune, fair name, excellent health, a beautiful wife and a long honeymoon in prospect. And he was such a fine fellow."

Nelson's voice sank almost to a sob and he bowed into the chair that had been offered before him on the desk.

For some time grief occupied him. Then he slowly raised his head and muttered:

"Captain, I loved that boy as I would have loved a son of my own, and I'm going to somehow, I can't feel harshly toward the girl. I only wish I could understand it all. If he drew his last breath I'd be glad to clear his vision of some grewsome sight. Then he continued:

"I'm going to take the poor boy home and get him ready for interment, and I'll get as good a lawyer as money can hire to defend the girl."

Seated as Captain Lansing was to the bitter side of life, he could not but feel a flash of pity for the old man's sorrow and for the certainly distracting.

"I'd like to help you, sir," the officer said, rising to shake the other's hand, "but I can't see how I can. We have a strong case against the girl. All the money in the world wouldn't hire a lawyer good enough to save her from the chair. I'm afraid that naturally would mean death in the electric chair for her, and I'm mighty sorry for her to escape by."

Uncle Jud's head shook his head sadly.

"I'm terribly afraid you're right," he whispered.

CHAPTER III.

THE SENTENCE TO DEATH.

Six weeks later the case of the people versus Mrs. Marie Fielding for the willful murder of Horace Fielding, her husband of twelve hours, came to trial.

Former Judge Adam Jefferson, one of the most brilliant lawyers ever heard among powerful pleaders in the State, had been retained in her defense and his well-known name had been engaged to assist him. Despite all that he and Nelson could efforts to provide a defense for the stricken bride, had also employed detectives to gather some light on the mystery of the murder, strangely. But the case looked dark from the start.

The fair defendant whom close incarceration had shadowed for weeks was brought into court, her face waxen and her eyes sunken. She had refused to confer with her legal advisers. No entreaties, no warnings as to her fate if she were convicted could break her long and unconquerable silence. She remained outwardly unmoved by the horror of the charge against her and by the certainty of the death penalty confronting her unless she vouchsafed a proper defense.

Refined women, touched by the mystery of silence that hung over her, had called in prison and attempted, by the exercise of womanly tact, to learn from her some statement from her regarding the death of her husband, in the hope of an unassailable alibi.

"Uncle Jud" called upon her repeatedly and begged her almost on his knees to clear herself. She declined to see only closed her weary eyes and whispered:

"I cannot, I cannot."

Her attorneys went to her cell day after day in an effort to get some statement upon which to base her defense, but she met with their requests with the same fixed look that her husband had drawn face in her white hands and stared dully at the cold walls of her prison cell.

Never was house of death quieter than when the chief witness for the people took the long legally-phrased indictment, asked:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

With eyes closed she had stood leaning heavily upon the table beside her as the indictment paper was read, but no person in the packed courtroom was as calm at this tense moment, but could not get as sphinx, at the vital question.

The hushed crowd held its very breath in strained suspense. The very air seemed charged with portentous anguish. But the prisoner made no reply.

The venerable Judge thrown leaned for the first time in a weary attitude which he tried to banish the kindliness that would not be entirely concealed asked:

"Did you hear the question, madam?"

Mrs. Fielding opened her eyes, then her eyes shutteredly and slowly nodded her head.

"Then do you plead guilty or not guilty?" he asked with gentle persistence.

But still she held her silence. Then, as she sank back into the chair placed for her beside her counsel, a long deep sigh heaved from the audience. As her hands shrouded her face, no sob, no sign of grief escaped her.

"The prisoner refuses to plead," instructed the judge. "Enter her plea as not guilty."

Then, in unceasing line, the witnesses for the prosecution mounted the box and wove an unbreakable chain of evidence about her.

The hotel clerk told of the discovery of the body, the terrible struggle evident and the weapon of any signs to indicate that any one else could have wielded the dainty weapon. Sergeant Whipple and Captain Lansing testified to their discoveries, to the lack of any evidence to explain, and last, and most striking of all, to the strand of hair taken from the clenched fist of the dead man, and which compared with that of the bride was shown to be exactly the same color.

Even "Uncle Jud" Nelson, much against his will, was forced to take the stand and to reveal all he knew of the lives of the pair. The prosecuting attorney strove upon the fact that the uncle's testimony showed not the slightest motive for the crime.

When the State had completed its case, there remained not the slightest hope among the spectators that the prisoner could escape unless she unsealed her own lips to tell some story that would put an entirely new phase on the crime.

But she sat like a statue and silent.

Her attorneys, absolutely without a defense, called a number from the crowd old home to testify to her fine character and in their closing addresses to the panel jury made the most artistically upon the apparent lack of any motive for the crime and the doubt of her guilt.

In the closing address to the jury of the prosecuting attorney launched his invectives at the crime rather than at the prisoner. But in closing his speech he grew stern in his denunciation of the punishment of the atrocious murder of an innocent man.

Judge Jefferson's charge to the jury was not so unpunished. This wanton who smeared her hands with the life blood of her husband while her promise to love, honor and obey him was still warm on her lips——"

"The defendant, her face white and stern as marble, heard the charge in their every ernenous intensity, swayed unsteadily to her feet.

"Stop, stop, I say," her voice quivered. "I am——"

The crowded courtroom, agape with the tragedy of the scene, halted its breath in wait upon her words. The prosecuting attorney stayed his words as if awaiting a message from the dead. Judge Jefferson swayed. The judge leaned far over upon his desk, his head bent as if to catch of the prisoner's slightest whisper.

But no whisper came. Growing suddenly rigid throughout her stately figure, clenching her white hands till her nails pierced her palms, biting her under lips with a sudden determination to again seal from the world the secret of her soul, she exhausted into her chair. Her hands sprang suddenly violently in front of her face sank down to hide itself upon her palpitating bosom.

The scene with the morbid suspense of excited spectators, seemed to quaver through the room. Then like a thunder clap came a silence in which expectancy that the prisoner's sudden fear protest to make some thrilling confession was strong. But no sound or movement came from her shuffling of feet and the uneasy moving of the crowded audience seemed to indicate that the interruption was to be no resumed. The judge nodded to the prosecutor that the latter proceed with his peroration in which he insisted that nothing except the death penalty would satisfy the demands of justice.

The judge's charge was fair, even lenient toward Mrs. Fielding. But facts were facts with him and he did not try to alter their construction.

In an hour the jury, white-faced and nervous, returned back with a verdict. No one expected any other, but there was a stifled cry of pity from the audience when the foreman declared:

"Guilty as charged."

The prisoner showed up pallid but unyielding. Then they led her away to her cell.

Thirty days later she was sentenced to the electric chair and sent away to the death house at Stateville.

CHAPTER IV.

PHIL PRYE'S ASSIGNMENT.

Phil Pry, the reporter-detective of the Daily Star, with his skin a deep tan and his eyes flashing with the healthful light of good health, hurried into the editorial rooms of his paper and tossed himself into a chair beside of mail that had accumulated during a two-months' vacation.

"Not a word, not a peep in a-dainty note that he had begun to read again after the long rest hurried. Through its lines, that was suddenly recalled to his surroundings by a hearty slap on the shoulder and the sound of a familiar voice.

"What's the row, Phil?" said simply, for despite the reputation he had won he had not a trace of vanity about him, and had marched his first entrance into the newspaper profession.

"You haven't read of the Fielding case?" asked the editor-in-chief in surprise.

"Haven't seen a New York paper since I left the office a month ago. Been down in the Adirondacks and in the warmth of a gentle Southern sun. Had the greatest rest of my life. Feel fine for work now and plenty of it. So lead me on."

"You're a lucky dog," said Mr. Gee, "and I'll interest you with the details of the hardest nut to crack we've had in many a year."

So Phil Pry seated himself comfortably in the corner with both feet upon the screened with his hand, listened without an interruption to the story of the Fielding tragedy.

The editor of the noted Broad street murder mystery, the man who had uncovered the use of hypnotism in the theft of the one hundred thousand dollars' worth of Philpot jewels and had recovered them after risking his life in the most desperate den of thieves in the metropolis, the man who, piercing to the mysterious heart of Chinatown, had defied a horrible fate and completely bared the mystery in the slaying of Proprietor white girl, Alice Durrand, while the police were still floundering with its difficulties, gave no hint of his thoughts until the managing editor, rounding out his narrative with a description of the efforts the Star had made to get Mrs. Fielding to talk of her husband's death, finally said:

"And there, sir, are the known facts. It's up to you to discover the unknown ones."

Phil Pry looked up with a smile.

"Your setting me the hardest task I've ever had, Mr. Gee," he said.

"How so?"

"Don't you see that it's ten weeks since this man Fielding died and that all the evidence has been mussed over until there is no possibility of getting a clear view of the probability or the truth. If I'd had a chance at this as soon as it occurred, I might have discovered something that escaped the eyes of the rest of the sleuths, but I doesn't look bright now."

"But you won't turn the assignment down?" inquisitioned Mr. Gee.

"Oh, no," replied Phil, "I'll have a try at it, but I'm not sanguine."

"I'm not entirely satisfied that Mrs. Fielding killed her husband," said the managing editor. "Neither is Mr. Nelson, for that matter. If she did not kill him, she should close her lips and go to an infamous death instead of disclosing all the real facts in beyond all of us."

"Do you think that this Mrs. Fielding is all right mentally?" was the first question that Phil Pry uttered in his inquiry.

"Her lawyers tried to help out her weak defense by pleading insanity, but it fell flat. Her whole life told of her mind being perfectly normal."

"Has any one—any woman—any old friend tried to win her confidence, and by that means get her to speak out?" he said.

"Many such. Her old uncle, or rather the dead man's uncle, has tried and failed. Some of her warm friends came down and begged her to speak out. But she said that direction was fruitless."

"Then it's no use for me to try to buzz her," decided Phil. Then after a moment's pause, he went on: "And yet——"

"I'm not entirely satisfied," put in Gee. "Of course, you won't object if I call in a little help on the case, will you?" inquired Phil.

"Go as far as you like," was the assurance in reply.

"Any rewards offered?" asked Phil.

"Oh, yes, the uncle offered a thousand dollars, this 'Uncle Jud' Nelson offered the same, and a couple of newspapers put up a thousand apiece. But, of course, they were all to be withdrawn if the girl was convicted."

"Then if I get the solution of this affair, I don't get a cent extra?" smiled Phil.

"Phil, if you can get us the right dope on this case, I'll see that the bank has the five thousand dollars. And I'll get your salary raised besides."

"And you'll pay the extras?"

"Without a murmur."

The managing editor glanced quizzically into the face of the reporter.

"How long do you are intending to ask Janet Price to give you a little assistance?"

A faint flush showed through the tan-colored cheeks of Phil Pry.

"I hope I can get her aid," he replied diffidently. "I guess I'll have to tell Fielding he's got to be talked to by some one of her own sex."

"Others have failed at that same task," volunteered the managing editor.

"Has the time been set for the woman's execution?" queried Phil.

"Yes," responded Mr. Gee, consulting his calendar, "she has just thirty days left in which to live, unless the Governor intervenes, and he has shown no intention of

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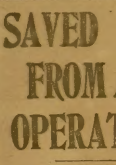

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interfering with the execution of the sentence.

"Then I've got thirty days in which to dig at this?"

"Thirty days in which to save a woman's life, yes," said the editor with a trace of solemnity. "I'm sure, Phil, you can do something."

"You've certainly set me a hard one, boss," said the reporter, shaking his head doubtfully, "but I'll try hard to dig you up something new."

With teeth pressed tightly into his lips as he wrestled with the problems of the mystery his superior had described, Phil sought the telephone booth. Calling up the Philpot residence on Riverside drive, he got Miss Price on the wire. She it was who had won his regard when suspicion seemed to threaten her in the Philpot jewel robbery. He had cleared her then, when she was a lady's maid. Her gratitude had caused her to venture into the treacherous toils of Chinatown when Phil Fry needed her aid to solve the enigma of a white girl's death.

Admiring her courage and her quiet beauty more than he was willing to admit even to himself, Phil's thoughts had instinctively turned to her as the one woman to help him out on his new assignment. Her tact, her genuinely and her quickness of perception peculiarly fitted her for the task.

"This is Phil Fry," he began over the 'phone, "just back from my vacation, and mighty anxious to see you."

"I've missed you," came faintly to his ears, "and I will be very glad to see you again."

Phil's heart thumped at the words.

Then at the old seat in Central Park, an hour from now," he said.

"I'll be there before the time set," she laughed gaily.

A subway express train ride and a brisk walk across the park brought Phil to the seat where he had spent many pleasant hours with Miss Price. She greeted him now, demurely but happily.

Salutations over, Phil plunged quickly into details of his new task.

"I want your help again," he concluded, "but I think I can assure you the work will not be so perilous as the last you did for me."

"I'm really not a bit averse to the danger," she said quietly, "when I think of you have braved equal risks. But will it require much time? You know I am Mrs. Philpot's secretary now, and she is not an easy mistress."

"We will try to give her no cause for complaint," assured Phil, "but you know we have a mighty difficult task. We are going to try to save a woman's life."

And Phil, clasping the girl's hand tenderly, held it rather longer than the requirements of etiquette demanded.

CHAPTER V.

THE HATPIN DISCOVERY.

Phil Fry and Miss Price spent the evening at the theater. But the next morning the reporter plunged into the Fielding mystery with all the ardor and skill that had already won for him almost a national reputation as a ferreter of baffling crimes.

His first work was to go back to the files of the newspaper and refresh the accounts of the affair and read them all with extreme care. That he made a brief note of a few points that he decided had been overlooked by previous investigators.

His next move was to hurry to police headquarters. He was well liked here, for though he had repeatedly taxed the department in the solution of some of its enigmas, he had always done so fairly and brilliantly and without boasting.

"I want to see the chief," he announced as he entered the gray pile of stone.

"Well, young man," was the chief's salutation as Phil was ushered into his private office, "we missed you on this last mystery. Where'd you been?"

"On vacation," the reporter replied. "But the Star wants to see what hole date it can do anything to clear the case up. So I'm going to."

"Useless, my boy, useless. The woman's beyond a doubt. Of course we couldn't find a complete motive, but we showed that no one else could have done it."

"Well, I'm going to try, anyway. You've saved all the exhibits in the case, of course?"

"Yes, we used them in the trial and preserved them for fear the courts would give her a new one."

"Can I see them?" inquired Phil.

"Sure," said the chief, summoned a subordinate over the private 'phone wire.

"Baxter, bring up all the exhibits in the Fielding murder case," he instructed.

In a minute a pair of officers came lugging a huge trunk into the room. The chief threw back the top and exposed to view the outfit of wearing finery that Madie Fielding had brought to town for her marriage. There were dainty gowns and gorgeous hats and pretty lingerie and fashion's latest in footwear.

"This is the entire collection, eh?" asked Phil as he examined one article after another.

"Everything's here," replied the chief. "We took charge of it all on the night of the murder, and as she has been in jail ever since, we have kept the outfit under lock and key.

"The fatal hatpin here, too?"

"In this trunk box here," responded the chief, drawing forth the long jeweled ornament with which Fielding's life was taken.

Phil Fry took up the hatpin and examined it carefully. Its head was a fine pearl and stone and about its long, slender point was a dull stain—for only a moment a man's life had gone out with its quick incision.

Outwardly Phil gave no sign of more than ordinary interest, but really his sharp mind had begun to work on a distinct idea.

"Have you here the hat Mrs. Fielding wore the night she—that her husband was killed?" he asked.

"This is it," answered the chief, picking up a wide-brimmed, feathery creation and holding it forth for the reporter's inspection.

Phil's examination was exceedingly minute. In the midst of it he inquired casually:

"What time did Fielding get into the room where the husband lay dead?"

"It was hanging to one of the pegs of a clothes tree that stood in a corner of the room."

"Has it been worn since that night?"

"No, it was bundled into the trunk after we had removed it from the room on the night of the murder and has been untouched except for the handling it had in court during the trial."

"That handling didn't appear to have revealed much," suggested Phil with the barest trace of a smile marking one corner of his mouth.

"How so?" queried the chief with a look of astonishment.

"Oh, nothing—yet," replied the reporter, with a disturbing assurance in his voice.

Phil renewed his examination of the gorgeous chapeau, peering closely beneath the wide brim. White silk that covered its sides, and then noting intently the inside. Its crown was lined with white-enameled pins now sticking in the hat. Then he picked up the pin with which the bridegroom's death had been accomplished and compared it with the others.

He was quickly struck with the great disparity in size and color. The two pins in the hat were large and modern in tone and matched the color and style of it exactly. The hatpin used in the murder was subdued in colors. This thing"—Phil extended the weapon of death with a repugnant gesture—"is altogether different. It is big and coarse and ugly, and certainly not of the kind that a woman of taste would select for her hat. poor bride evidently is would wear."

"Some relative or friend presented the chief, "it must be hers. There are no two ways about that."

"Perhaps," Phil have been able to learn," went on Phil, unheedful of the interruption, "this crime must have been premeditated by a fusion of anger or hatred or—worse. The person who struck Fielding down—he lifted the red-stained pin aloft—was in such a state of mind that he grasped any weapon from her hat with which to effect her violent purpose she would not have been sufficiently calm to take the hat so carefully on the hook upon which you found it."

"Oh, tut, tut," expostulated the chief. "You can't upset super-riveted case with such arguments like that."

"And then," continued the reporter, apparently unheedful of the police official's attitude, "I'll draw your attention to another thing which you and the rest have overlooked. You will notice, if you look very carefully, that this hat shows that it never has worn but the two pins now stuck in it. I have examined it completely and find that the barest sign that such another pin has ever pierced either the silk trimming or the straw itself, which would certainly be the case had the slightest incision ever been made in the delicate fabric."

Phil lowered his voice and skewed his words as he again shook the green-plumed hatpin. "And did not belong to Mrs. Fielding."

The continuation of this extremely interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It is full of very strange and fascinating situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

No Faith in Postponements.

Just when Mrs. Ackroyd had finished packing her trunks and over William Ackroyd had bought railway tickets for her and their two daughters, Little Bessie came down with a case of whooping cough. The doctor positively refused to let the child start on so long journey, and even if he had thought it safe for the little one to leave home Mrs. Ackroyd declared that she would not be permitted to take the patient into a hotel anywhere.

"Isn't it a shame?" the distressed lady wailed. "Here we are with everything in our trunks, and my husband has even bought our berths in the sleeper."

That is unfortunate, but I don't know what you can do except sit down and wait for four or five days. It may be safe then for you to start away."

When her husband got home that evening Mr. Ackroyd was weeping.

"Don't take it so hard, dear," he said, "it might be a good deal worse. Our little one is likely to get along all right. The doctor says the case isn't an unusually severe one, and when I telephoned him this afternoon he said he thought it might be safe for you to start away by the end of the week."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel we'll never go. I never postponed anything yet that didn't turn out sadly. I once postponed a wedding, and the marriage never took place."

Half an hour later William Ackroyd was still sitting in a corner alone, thinking it over.

Grumpley—See here, waiter! Do you call that roast beef! It's nothing but cowhide. Waiter—Well, what do you expect for a 35-cent dinner? Morocco?

The Secret.

Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, the English novelist, was condemning in New York the frequency of divorce in America.

"You Americans," she said, "don't seem to possess the secret, the secret, I mean, of matrimonial happiness. Perhaps you might take a lesson from a city clerk I heard of recently.

"A friend of this clerk, after visiting him at his home, said:

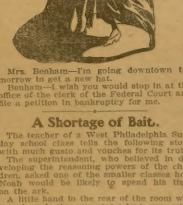
"Excuse me, Will, but how do you manage, on your small salary, to have such well-cooked and delicious meals?'

"The secret is simple,' Will replied. 'Every day I kiss the cook and do all I can to please her and make her happy.'

"But doesn't your wife object?' the other asked.

"'Dear, no; she's the cook,' was the reply."

Cause and Effect.



Mrs. Benham—I'm going downtown tomorrow to get a new hat.

Benham—I wish you would stop in at the office of the clerk of the Federal Court and file a petition in bankruptcy for me.

A Shortage of Bait.

The teacher of a Philadelphia Sunday school class tells the following story with much gusto and vouches for its truth.

The superintendent, who believed in developing the reasoning powers of the children, asked one of the smaller classes how Noah would be likely to spend his time on the ark.

A little hand in the rear of the room was raised and the superintendent requested the child to tell how he thought Noah would pass the time. The boy stood first on one foot and then the other and, at length, said, "fishin'!"

Just then another small boy snapped his fingers.

"Noah wouldn't fish very long," said the boy.

"Why not?" asked the puzzled questioner.

"He couldn't, because there were only two worms on the ark."

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Or, In the Lion's Lair

By Colonel Harper Hamilton

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CHAPTER XIX.

SOME GO, OTHERS STAY.

THE drift of events carried dismay to several listeners, and not least to the mother of the child. Scarcely a month before the raid-agent had come to her humble cabin in the mountains and given her husband money of which he was in great need. Then, too, he had made friends with the golden-haired girl. The mother, deeply grateful, and knowing who he was, had taught her little daughter to speak his name repeatedly, and to remember him as a good man.

On the present occasion she had given him but scant attention, and his changed appearance had baffled her cursory regard, but she had remembered the scar which had attracted her attention previously.

Brief silence fell upon the group. Rackley could see the calmness of mother, deeply incensed, he faced the foe and studied his chances.

"I've something familiar," Simon Snow went on, "but I couldn't place you. Never saw you hard by Lawson, we have nobody big game?"

"Well," slowly remarked Damon, "if this is the man who took me from the stage he must then have altogether new voice, and he didn't have a husky cold either. Was willing to believe much, but, Snow—this is a little too remarkable for me.

"I don't doubt it!" interrupted Matthew. "Who else would take on a stage robbery cheat? I'm rather glad it is so. I should be reluctant to see an honest man shot for usurping my place. This outlaw must be dead to honor. Nothing is too bad for him!"

"Wayland!" cried Burdilla, in great astonishment.

"Ohe!" cried Matthew. "So you know me, do you? I never expected to deceive your eyes, and I've doffed you from the time I first came to this ranch. Yes, I am Wayland Clarke!"

Jack Hardy muttered his surprise, but nobody else spoke. This sometime tramp, his face full of bitterness, was not an unwilling pride.

"Well, you minx, it is clear that you were the one who put a road-agent in my place. That settles you! You can get off these acres as soon as you please. The place is mine, land, cattle and horses, and I won't have you here. Always did despise you, with your lofty ways and scorn for me. Take your outlaw and go!"

He glowered upon her, unmanly enmity in every tone and feature, but she met his attack without worry.

"Have no fear," she returned, "I am willing to go."

You go, whether willing or not. Wanted to gobble up my possessions, did you! While I starved you enticed large on my acres. Aspired to boss me, did you? You can pack!"

The wretch ended with a laugh that was full of insolence, but nobody challenged him. No one uttered a cling to the scene.

"I am come into my own," he resumed. "I took some chances in venturing here, though. It looked a bit dangerous with that James Allen drifted in to see his son Bob, but Jane has gone home—didn't want to put my double in peril, he said. Bah! Yes, I have come into my own, but I'll not lord it here alone. My wife and son will soon come."

He stopped and glanced toward the point where Brandy Run debouched from the hills, but saw nobody.

The exultant, taunting, offensive talk of the wretch filled a gap in one group Damon and Snow had exchanged half-secret words, not wholly satisfied that Rackley Gold was before them, and hesitating to proceed to extreme measures. In the other group address had been conveyed to Rackley by his friends. Bravery had its place, and recklessness was not without a dwelling-place, but it was no hour for folly. Rackley had his choice between being captured or running and fight the officers, thereby, at the least calculation, adding bloodshed to past errors, or headlong flight. There was no middle course, and nobody could suffer from its adoption.

Advised by Burdilla and Jack, and having given return advice to both, he was ready for the crisis.

"Mr. Gold," presently spoke Sheriff Damon, "you are our prisoner!"

"And under what charge?" Rackley inquired.

"We shall take you to Gideon Gap, and thence to the county jail."

"Have you the right against me?"

"What is lacking will come later. I feel that you are the right suspect. I must be credit it, but—well, is has been so said."

"Identification is sometimes erroneous. What evidence have you that yonder man is Wayland Clarke?"

"He has documentary evidence, including his deed of this ranch. More than that, he has gone to look after those who were formerly of Clover Valley, and reminded that gentleman of a certain letter, a verbal messenger from here, and forgotten by himself, the date of which I cannot recall, but he does not doubt. True, Alfonso Hay denies the heir, but Alfonso—yet, why do I argue? It is the honest man and the true to you to surrender quietly—"

He started forward. Immediately Rackley stepped to one side, made a sudden leap and grabbed the bridle of Damon's and Snow's horse. Another moment and it was galloping away, with Rackley no swung over the farther side from the officers, as they showed. This dash had not been foreseen by the officers, and they were on the right from the other group between the runaway and themselves. They could not shoot, for their revolvers were ready for use, but when all was clear they had a new obstacle.

The mother of the child who had innocently spoken of the raid-agent was now running after the fugitive, deliberately abolishing him, and at the moment her earnest efforts sufficed. Had they fired it would have killed her.

The rider drew clear and the revolvers began to speak, but now the lead fell short. Rackley was far away on the hills.

Uttering vengeful words the officers remembered their own horses, sought their saddles and pursued, but it was nearly certain, by that time, the pounding hoofs of the runaway's steed were taking him to sure safety. The lion was seeking his lair.

The woman returned, sought Burdilla's eyes with her own regretfully, and found herself into the friendly arms of her sister in humanity.

"My girl did not know!" she murmured brokenly.

While the child clung to her mother's shirts and incessantly asked:

"Why does Rackley go away?"

It was a question not fully answered for many years. Jack Hardy, his eyes aglow, stuffed his hands into his pockets, nodded and remarked serenely:

"I'll bring the horse back when it's left at the edge of the hills."

His confidence that all would be well was justified. Rackley reached the rough ground, dismounted, waved his hand and disappeared. After that Jack returned the horse, and its owner, having talked fully with Burdilla, meanied, and set the child in her arms, rode southward. Burdilla entered the house. Here she did not recognize Clarke's voice rose in a vehement rendition of "Captain Kidd." Wayland had not joined in the pursuit. With the rein of his horse across his arm he walked to and fro, sometimes muttering, but now and then glancing at the house, but much oftener he looked toward the exit of Brandy Run from the hills. The sleuths irritated him, and led to some emphatic remarks. There had been no affection between him and his father in the past, and now he was inclined to regard him as an interloper who had no business to be on the ranch.

They promised to be stirring times when Clarke, senior, and Clarke, junior, essayed to dwell under one roof.

After a time Wayland's watch was rewarded. Rackley appeared from the nearest hills, advanced slowly, and with steps that slackened even more as the persons drew near, showed a reluctant and uncertain gait.

These pedestrians were Hart Groom, his sister Delia and her son Danny.

They had been at work, they were coming home, and at Wayland's invitation. The latter had learned by the raid-agent that numerous dangers might confront him. Once he found that he removed many miles of his fence and that his wife was the only real peril. Had he never happened upon Rackley he would have found a less or a less way of meeting the danger, but he had taken a liking to the man, a fancy to him, as the easiest way out of the trouble he had made the invitation, and could not withdraw the welcome to the ranch.

They had come, though Delia and her brother were misgivings.

Under his rough exterior Wayland had a kind heart, and he now met the two with friendly words. He even condescended to take his wife's arm, and, under the spell of the moment he grew almost genial. Back of it all was a feeling of relief that Burdilla was on the earth. Judging her by his own standards, he had come to look upon a flaw in the people of poverty assume place in his mind, and he had been mistress since her fifteenth year.

Delia was a stranger, which, he thought, would be worth more than money.

Delia and Hart grew somewhat reassured by Wayland's manner, and Danny, to whom they had queer creepings at thought of entering the house, regarded as a mansion. They were fairly composed.

At the threshold Wayland was robbed of his wife's support. There he met Burdilla and old Margaret, the servant, each of whom wore outer garments and carried bundles. This was too suggestive to be ignored.

"Where are you going?" he asked, rather weakly.

"Away from this house," Burdilla replied. "Away, and forever!"

"You are?" he cried.

She did not answer, but gazed at Jack Hardy, who was leading forward the two horses.

"Oh! come now," added the master of the ranch, suddenly growing urbane. "Really, I didn't mean so bad as I said, a bit ago. You know I was a bit—"

A voice from the chamber above rose in violent song:

"My name was Captain Kidd,
And sa wickedly I did,
God's laws and I forbid.
When I sailed, when I sailed!"

"Only old fool!" muttered the sea. "I'll see that he shouts no more like that. Come, Burdilla, don't go!"

"I am grateful for your invitation," was her non-committal response, "but you will not be troubled by me. Not you, not any one now here, is responsible for my decision. It is Daniel Clarke. You can ask him to explain. These horses will soon be returned to you."

Jack was at hand. He assisted Burdilla and Margaret to saddles, and then himself mounted. They delayed no longer, but, with a simple good-by from Burdilla, rode toward Gideon Gap.

Wayland remained staring after her blankly. Not yet did he know she was not his sister, and he was keenly disappointed. It looked to him like an era of good feeling was to be succeeded by a betrayal of wife and child home, and it was a check that his supposed sister should leave just then. The feeling was gone inside of the hour, but it filled him temporarily.

Delia clung to her brother.

"No good will come of our staying here if that good girl goes!" she whispered.

"You heard her say nobody here was responsible," returned Hart Groom. "Don't worry, sister. Remember Danny!"

The mother with the woman of the hills arose. For Danny's sake! That was the earth and the heavens—all—to her. Danny was heir to the ranch. It was a curious way for any one to enter his father's home, but so it was, and the boy was excited and, rather kindly, bade them move, they selected.

Burdilla and her friends were still riding toward Gideon Gap.

CHAPTER XX.

FAREWELL TO THE HILLS.

Two men lay on a shelf of rock in the Tiger-foot hills. They were Rackley Gold and Daniel Clarke. Rackley had been fled from Clarke's, a meeting had been hurriedly arranged between himself and the latter, and they were together, but in danger. They looked through a screen of bushes and trees at the valley below. As yet on a lower slope.

"They don't make much headway," Jack remarked coolly.

"Where are they? And the secret way," replied Rackley, "they are not likely to prove dangerous, and I don't believe they will find us."

"Hunts for you have never succeeded in the past."

"The hills are an intricate tangle, and I know them. Gideon Gap—"

"I don't see," said Jack, "how men can be found to search for you!"

"What do you mean?"

"Who knows any evil of Rackley Gold? Simon Snow is the only one who will hunt, but ask the poor folks along the range what they think of him. Bah! I'll bet Snow he has given them money when they needed it, and for them when they were in need and other sicknesses, and often been their good helper. Why should anybody aspire to harm him?"

"The men who are following Damon and Snow do not seem to be very much in earnest," said Rackley. "They are not from Gideon Gap. That's a place I have ever avoided, so that I have but few friends there, and those but few. Besides, it is rarely difficult to get men to follow when a hue and cry is made."

"Why," pursued Jack, "Missy Burdilla said that a search and the offer of a big scarf, to help Bishop you, we all objected, at first, and the search was made against you. It was all a big joke that we agreed. We had no idea that you'd be found. Adam Hines is as stiff-necked as anybody on the ranch, but he said: 'Why, Rackley is the friend of the better stuff. Miss Burdilla said it was only a joke—your being kidnaped—and she was going to tell you when we came in the morning.'"

"I did not go!" murmured Rackley.

"No, but you're gone now. So is Burdilla, hang the luck!"

"As I've told you before, she has no regret. Time was when she liked the ranch well, but it is not her home. Let Wayland-land to the fore, now. She could not endure this combination. She is trying to give up the ranch to them, and they are to afford pensions to—"

"So she is not Daniel's daughter?"

"Fortunately for her, no! She would not be the better for such blood in her veins."

"Right! I'm glad it is so, since she is done there. See, Jack, Damon's men have to their purpose. Suppose they find us?"

"That I should wish you well away. I would wish to be here," calmly replied Jack. "Why do those fellows hunt you?"

"Because 'tis in the veins of man to hunt. Game, animal or human, is a mighty lure. I've found it so. Jack, have you always lived an honest life?"

"I must admit that I have."

"Stick to it! Would that I had never seen Tiger-foot Canyon! Would I had never been what I've been hereabouts! Still, remember the circumstances. I never dreamed of being harm to me or the property until after that day when I was fired upon and wounded by Simon Snow. After that I had a few days of bitterness, and—but came the determination to worry the new son of Gideon Gap as much as they had worried me, though in different fashion. Then, in the quarrel without provocation, wounding me so that I lay for weeks in a cave, animal-like, caring for my hurts as best I could, and my later career I have shot no man, even to make a man-wrecker, and have done no man bodily harm. I have worried them, and robbed the stage, giving my gains to the poor along the range. If there is a little excuse for me—"

"There is much!" exclaimed Jack.

"I cannot see it. In the eyes of law I have been a criminal. All my reverences, my fun at the expense of Simon Snow and his followers, my life of excitement that took me out of the pale of law—if these things amused me one may do so no longer."

"Well, you are done with it."

"I am, forever! Here, even my real name is unknown. A home awaits me many miles away. I shall go there. I shall never tell the tale of my career on Tiger-foot, but neither shall I exhibit the deep wrath where I was nearly shot to death before I once lifted my hand against the law. Enough of this. Damon and his men are moving off. Now I think the way is clear for us to slip away."

"Good! Miss Burdilla will get to Clypool Gulch in two days, and we want to be there to receive her and escort her north."

"Jack, there is still time for you to drop my fortunes and go back to the ranch."

"My way is north, and where you go!" was the sturdy rejoinder. "Say no more, pard!"

"I have urged you for the last time, old man! Yes, and I want you along!"

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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The Shadow of the Bastile;

Or, The Hand of Pompadour

By T. C. HARBAUGH

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CHAPTER V.

THE HANDKERCHIEFS.

ONE would have thought it next to impossible for Madame de Pompadour to miss finding the bodies of the two adventurers whom Henri d'Amblay left in the corridor of the Palais Royal, for, as the reader will recollect, she ascended the main staircase shortly after the fight and while the young Gascon was coming down.

But strange to say, when she reached the scene of the battle of the blades nothing was in sight but the suspended candles, and there was not so much as a dash of red on the floor.

Madame de Pompadour passed on to her own apartments ignorant of the combat.

Meanwhile in another chamber not far off a woman, beautiful of face, was staring at two human figures lying still at her feet. She was the Duchesse de Launy, the woman who loved D'Amblay and hated Yolande de Bassine.

While not a spectator of the sword duel, the duchesse from her apartments had heard it all, the ring of steel, the voices of the combatants and the death cries of D'Amblay's adversaries.

When silence fell over the scene she opened her door, which looked out into the chamber, and caught sight of the victor vanishing down the stair.

Excited at the pass, and believing that Madame's discovery of the bodies would mean death to herself, she summoned the last bit of her courage and dragged them into her own chamber.

This is why Henri d'Amblay escaped, for the time at least, the wrath of the King's favorite.

"These wretches must not find sepulcher here," cried the duchesse as she gazed at the stiffening bodies. "They must be removed. If I call my servants and ask the streets all would be well. To cast them into an alley would be found by the police at night-watch is the proper thing, but how to do it is the puzzle."

Suddenly she bethought herself of a plan, and the next moment she pulled a red cord that descended from the ceiling, and her door opened.

"Hugo!" she cried to the servitor who answered her ring. "At once, good Picau!"

The man saluted and the duchesse continued to guard the door.

In a few minutes footsteps came rasping down the corridor and a swarthy dark-faced giant entered. He started when his gaze fell upon the bodies at her feet and looked into her eyes.

"Ask no questions," said the young woman. "Obey me. My honor is at stake. These wretches must disappear."

"See, mistress, it is done!"

She stamped her little foot and threw a shower of gold pieces at the feet of her couch.

"They've been sworded, as your eyes can see," she went on. "They got just what they deserved, no matter who was victor. The little street is not far off. You are familiar with the Rue des Bequets."

Hugo's face shrugged his broad shoulders and grinned.

"It's a dark, quiet place," said he.

"There is the secret staircase," replied the duchesse. "There is the window. Pass through the little garden and beyond lies the Rue des Bequets. Remember, Hugo. These varlets cannot inhabit this chamber with me. I retire."

The duchesse passed from the room into another and the man was alone.

Hugo's face darkened as he entered the chamber and smiled. The bodies were gone and so were the three bottles of wine that cast upon the bed.

"There seem to have been three of them against Henri d'Amblay," she said. "Will the one that got away raise the alarm? If he does the King will not be in a merry humor."

Not long afterward she heard the great clock not far off, strike midnight from its lanciest tower and, creeping to the door, her beautiful face stole from the chamber and, descending the secret stairway, darted from the house.

As she reached a certain spot a smallish figure suddenly appeared in the dark area back and looked at it, for it was visible in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the pavement.

Her breath nearly left her body when she saw that the night prowler was none other than the Red Abbe, Madame de Pompadour's private spy.

Startled by the unexpected encounter, the Red Abbe fell against the wall of the nearest building and stared at her. Recognition was mutual.

"Seems to me the Duchesse de Launy has made some important engagement," grinned the little man.

"What is that to you?" was the retort, as Celise leaned forward and confronted the spy with her gaze. "When did the Red Abbe become the guardian of the Duchesse de Launy?"

He did not seem to take the slightest note of her words.

"Is not the Rue des Reptiles at this unseemly hour a dangerous place for the loveliest woman in France?"

"Come, my flatterer," cried Celise. "I do not ask why you are in this neighborhood."

"Murder has been done in the Rue des Reptiles," continued the little Abbe. "You will find the two victims yonder."

"Two, you say?"

"Aye, duchesse. But strange to say they are occupying a singular position to have fallen where they be."

"Say you so?"

The heart of the duchesse was almost in her throat. She wondered what sort of imitative Hugo Bourne had made.

"Let us go and see," she said.

Together they plunged deeper into the darkish little street, little better than an alley, and the Red Abbie suddenly halted.

"Here they are, duchesse!" he exclaimed, pointing to two forms that lay at their very feet. "You see their feet are tied together and," he bent down, "with a lady's kerchief, on my sacred soul!"

The young duchesse was scarcely breathing now. She dropped on her knees and gazed a moment.

"The fool!" she inwardly exclaimed. "He has bound their feet with my scented kerchiefs!"

All this time the eyes of the Red Abbe were watching her like a falcon.

"Is it not strange?" he suddenly asked.

"Nothing is strange nowadays," she replied, as she rose to her feet. "Perchance the man who slew these wretches bound them as you see."

"Perhaps," answered the Red Abbe, but his mien told her that he did not believe.

"Who are these wretches?" she ventured, and the next moment she wished she had not spoken.

"The scum of the city," was the retort. "But what is this?"

The little spy had pounced upon something that lay near one of the bodies and he was looking at it.

The duchesse almost uttered a cry, for it was a part of one of her bracelets which she had lost in her chambers some days before, a bracelet known to every person who had access to the Palais Royal.

"Heavens! one of these must have been the wretch who found my bracelet which I lost in the Garden of the Tuileries during the fete," she thought, snatched the trifle from the Red Abbe's grasp and placed it in her bosom.

"Have you seen enough," she went on. "Let these wretches lie where they are till the watch of Paris comes round. No doubt they deserved their fate."

"There were good sword thrusts," commented the Abbe. "It was an expert who put them out of the world. See where this blade, such an one as my friend the Sieur d'Amblay wields."

The duchesse grew faint.

"Come, sir," she stammered. "This is none of our business, good Abbe," and the following moment she turned away.

But the little Abbe did not see. She could have choked him to death with her own fair hands.

"Duchesse?" she heard the Red Abbe saying, and she whirled upon him.

"Sir?"

"You don't want the kerchiefs, eh?"

Why should I?"

"An memento," was the grinning reply. "I think that is the word I should want," she replied. "Good night."

"Good night," and he left her the fair form was lost to view and then he fell against the wall again in laughter.

"What a pretty fool! She didn't even offer to buy me off," he cried. "Killed here! Not on your private life, my soul. Bonsoir."

He stooped and untwisted the silken kerchiefs from the limbs of the dead.

"The initials of my fair duchesse worked into the corners of the kerchiefs, just as I thought," he laughed, as he coolly bit the prizes in his scarlet teeth. "Something for Madame à la Pompadour. Oh, but you're a sleek angel," and with this he bounded to his feet and was off on a mission.

By this time Celise de Launy was back in the royal garden on her way to the palace.

"My kerchiefs!" she exclaimed. "What a fool I have been."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

It was late the following morning when Madame de Pompadour, sweeping majestically down the staircases, entered the great room where she received her guests. She found everything awaiting for her.

Seated at a table was the Red Abbe and his little eyes actuilated with pent-up eagerness and excitement for news.

"You are an early riser," smiled the Pompadour, catching sight of him, "or have the laggard?"

"You are never a laggard, my dear mistress," simpered the little man. "The world cannot accuse you are sluggard."

She moved her chair and, spreading her silken skirts on either side, sat down gracefully. Then, calling for a fan, she waved once more to her servitor.

"Something to eat, something to communicate," she went on. "Your face betrays you have good fortune."

"I thought I had schooled this face of mine to obey my every will," was the reply. "It surely plays against you this morning. What is in your budget? It is never empty, as I have reason to know."

Thereupon the Red Abbe dived one hand into his robe and drew forth a pair of handkerchiefs which, without a word, he deposited on the table before the king's favorite.

"What are these?" cried Madame de Pompadour, looking up one of the kerchiefs and looking at it as she opened its folds.

"Your own initials in the corners you may be enlightened," was the response.

Then the Red Abbe fell back in his chair and watched Madame la Marquise as she started upon his strange suggestion.

"By my truth, these initials seem familiar!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Where did you find the kerchiefs?"

"Would you believe that they were lost in the Rue des Reptiles?"

"In that wretched locality?" and the great eyes of Pompadour became centered upon the man before her. "It cannot be that the fair duchesse hath ventured there."

"I am not here to say what adventures she has," answered the Red Abbe. "But

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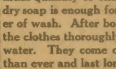

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Love really is blind, and this accounts for the neckties some women buy for their husbands.

And some men seem to think the only way to make their mark in the world is with a hammer.

We can't help feeling sorry for a man who has been handed an idea that is too big for his brain to digest.

From the viewpoint of a pretty woman in front of a mirror an honest man isn't the noblest work of the Creator.

Too many statesmen love their country with the disinterested affection felt by a foreign nobleman for an American heiress.

It's up to a man to choose between two evils when he is asked to beat the carpet or take care of the baby while his wife does it.

When a woman begins to tell a man how nice looking she thinks he is he immediately develops unlimited faith in her judgment.

Probably David concluded that there was more safety in saying that all men were liars than in trying to prove an individual case.

Many a girl never finds out until it is too late that it was her father's financial rating rather than herself that brought on the proposal.

"Go to the doom that awaits you!"

(Continued from page five.)

those bits of silk and lace were found in the Rue des Reptiles."

"By whom?"

"By myself."

"Almost incredible," cried Madame.

"More than this: They were found about the limbs of two murdered men."

Color fled from the woman's face, and her look became a strange stare.

"May I continue, my good mistress," asked the man.

"Go to the end of this mystery," commanded the woman. "I am listening with all ears."

"It was nearly midnight when I came down the Rue des Reptiles," he went on. "There were no dead men there then. After finishing a little business I retraced my steps, and lo! in a certain spot lay the forms of two men as neatly rapiered as any you ever saw. At first I thought the little affray had taken place there, but I was soon undeceived. My eyes fell upon those kerchiefs and, my curiosity getting the better of me, I was soon giving them more than a passing examination. Then it was I discovered to whom they had belonged. Whilst I was looking closely into the matter I heard footsteps, and lo! before me stood the duchesse herself."

"Celise?" cried Madame.

"Yes, good mistress. She started at sight of me and we had a few words after which she vanished toward the palace."

"Did she examine the kerchiefs?"

"Not closely, but looks betray one."

For a full minute the king's favorite did not speak. Her graceful hand drummed on the rich cloth that covered the table, and her mind seemed in a maze.

"I must inquire into this, but secretly," she said at last. "If the strange men were slain where they were found, how came their limbs to be bound with the duchesse's kerchiefs?"

"But were they killed there? The Rue des Reptiles, bad as it is, is not a good place for sword combats. It is too narrow for one thing and too dark for another."

"Right you are, Abbe," observed the Pompadour. "What else did you discover?"

"The finding of the two varlets set my wits to work," continued the Red Abbe. "I reasoned from effect to cause. I discovered that the men might have been carried to the Rue des Reptiles, and I found foot-tracks in the soft earth at the fringe of the royal garden where it ends, as if some one had staggered under a heavy burden. Continuing my hunt, I entered the garden and found the same tracks in the secret path."

"Proceed," cried Madame la Marquise as the speaker paused. "I am breathless with attention."

"The whole palace was asleep. I slipped into the place by the private stairway and found myself engulfed by silence. It was a risky business, for one is liable to run against a rapier within the walls when he little thinks of it, but my curiosity was so strong that I forgot my peril. In the main corridor where the remains of the three candles threw a rather sickly light I discovered several dark splotches on the wall near the floor. When I put my hand upon one of them and drew it away it was disgustingly red."

"Blood, you say, my good Abbe?"

"It was blood, Madame," said the Abbe.

"In the name of love and Heaven, whose blood was it?"

"It was the blood not of either one of the wretches whom I found in the Rue des Reptiles. It was better blood than theirs."

"How better? You mystify me."

"The man who fought last night in the palace had the solid wall at his back. It gave him a great advantage over the varlets who attacked him."

"There was an affray in the palace, then?" exclaimed the Pompadour.

"Yes, and here is the proof."

With his last words the Red Abbe drew from one of his hidden pockets a little thing which he placed before Madame la Marquise. She leaned forward and timidly picked it up.

"You may have seen the button before," ventured the little man, as he covertly regarded her.

She did not speak.

"There are buttons and doublets," he went on with the insinuative mien of a serpent.

"I see!" cried the woman. "Why, my good Abbe, this is one of the Sieur d'Amblay's buttons."

"Eh?" said the other. "And you will observe by the threads that cling to it that it was divorced from its fastenings by a rapier."

"I remember now!" exclaimed the haughty woman, as her eyes flashed. "I remember the man on the staircase last night. I recall the look he gave me, a guilty look, as if he had been engaged in an adventure not of the best. But I saw no dead men in the passageway."

"They must have been removed."

"Whither?"

"Do not the kerchiefs of the duchesse offer a possible explanation?"

"Abbe, you are shrewder than a fox," was the reply. "The man on the staircase, the dead men in the Rue des Reptiles, the foot-tracks in the garden and the kerchiefs of the duchesse! I begin to see light."

Madame de Pompadour rose to her feet and began to pace the room.

From the depths of his chair the Red Abbe regarded her in silence, now and then permitting a sinister smile to illumine his face. He could have rubbed his hands with glee, for he knew that his discoveries only rendered him more indispensable to the woman who ruled France.

Suddenly Madame la Marquise ceased her tiger strides and came back to him.

"Thank Heaven there's a Bastile!" came hissingly from her lips. "This man—this wretch from Gascony—in the service of the king, has plumed his wings once too often. His looks are more bitter than his words, but once behind the iron bars of our prison he can reflect the remainder of his life, if I do nothing more. Does he think he can commit murder within a few steps of my boudoir and live to boast of his temerity? And this woman who has been his helper, the owner of those kerchiefs? I wish it had been the other one. My good Abbe, if you had found the kerchiefs of Yolande d'Amboise where you found those of the duchesse I would make you a cardinal. But never mind. I will attend to these matters and my vengeance will be swift and certain. Who, think you, set the two men upon Henri d'Amblay?"

"Might not one guess?" said the Red Abbe. "They of themselves had no cause against him. They were hired ruffians."

"To be sure. But who is his rival in love?"

Madame la Marquise threw one hand to her forehead.

"The Sieur de La Nuit!" she cried. "But he is a good swordsman."

"Aye, my mistress, but he may have deemed D'Amblay a better," and the little Abbe sank back in his chair.

The next moment the table quivered. Madame la Marquise had struck it with her clenched hand.

CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN AND WOMAN.

Gratified with the result of his visit to M. Flasselles, with whom he had bargained for the committal of a most heinous crime, the forcible abduction of Yolande d'Amboise, the Sieur de La Nuit returned to the Palais Royal in the best of spirits.

The result of the attack upon D'Amblay by his hired assassins nettled him not a lit-

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There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses, and while we feel sure that our Fels 3-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality, or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be and above all has **real whiskey** strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free that we would be flooded with requests by some unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, but nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people.

Now here is our proposition:

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, along with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey for $6.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 8 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $6.45. Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price, just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges; look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove superiority in the whiskey business; we mean to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 3-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32-ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak, watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition. The taste is the test, that will prove more than we can write. Address orders and letters and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr., or

Fels Distilling Co., 130 Fels Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

tle. Not that he cared for the lives of the two who had fallen at the point of the young Gascon's rapier, but he was incensed to think that Henri had escaped him.

The next day in passing through a certain part of the palace, he came face to face with the Duchesse de Launy.

In the eyes of the court beauty shone a light that did not please La Nuit. Triumph flashed out of the depths of her dark orbs, and when he essayed to pass her with a low bow she held out her hand.

"You will appear at Madame la Marquise's fete tonight, my dear captain?" said she, watching him closely.

"I shall be there," replied La Nuit, a little stiffly. "Of course, the king will attend?"

"He has given his word to Madame," said Celise. "The fete will celebrate, among other things, the king's birthday."

La Nuit bowed again and betook himself down the broad staircase.

He was anxious to quit the palace as soon as possible, for he was liable to encounter D'Ambisy, an event which he desired to avoid.

At the moment of this meeting in another part of the palace half concealed in the depths of a high cove window stood a young and beautiful girl. This was none other than Yolande d'Amboise and she was gazing out over the splendid array of shrubbery which made the garden a real paradise.

She was quite alone and all at once the following chanson rose musically from her lips:

"Eyes are the portals of the soul,
Though oft they go a-roving,
In all this world from pole to pole
There's nothing just like loving;
When Cupid shoots his arrows far
They're sure to find a target;
They'll strike beneath some lucky star
A Princess or a Margot.

The song floated away on the wind that stirred the curtains about her and her fair cheeks flushed.

As the last words died away she did not see the figure that came up the stair and was now leaning against the wall not far away, looking with jealous eyes in her direction. The listener had a face that hatred clenched and her lips were strangely pale.

"Sing whilst you may, my bird," fell from the eavesdropper's tongue. "Your fine feathers will be plucked some day, and if I mistake not, the cage that holds you will be the Bastille."

Yolande heard none of these cruel words. If she had stepped from the window and cast her eyes down the corridor she might have seen the Duchesse de Launy, for she was the watcher against the wall.

It happened that a part of the long corridor was yet cast in shadow, for the sun was not very high and this was fortunate for Celise, for if Yolande had turned round, she could have singled her out without minute scrutiny.

At last the duchesse could not conceal the bitter rage that tugged at her heart. She wanted to tell Yolande that she hated her, that they could never be friends. She left her position and slipped forward. Her light-soled shoes gave forth no sound and, before Yolande dreamed that any one was near, she halted within arms' reach of her.

"It is a fair morning, mon ami," were the words that startled the young girl and notified her of her rival's presence.

Yolande turned with a little cry, and blood mounted to her temples, coloring them deeply.

"Ah, duchesse!" she exclaimed, looking straight into Celise's eyes. "I did not know you were out."

"Why should one commit a sacrilege by remaining shed on a morning like this?" was the reply.

"That is true," and the next moment Yolande drew back, for the hand that stretched from the duchesse's eyes startled her with a nameless dread.

"You will pardon me, I trust," said Celise. "If I have been listening to your chanson."

"I did not know I had an auditor. I sing so poorly, you know."

"To that there was no reply. The young duchesse drew a little nearer.

"You know of the fete tonight?" she said, her words a little raised above a whisper.

"I know of it," replied Yolande. "The palace will be graced by your presence."

Celise de Launy tossed her fine head haughtily.

"I fancy I would be missed should I elect to remain away," she exclaimed. "Madame la Marquise has specially invited me to be present."

"Which will please all who attend," answered Yolande, in whose make-up there was an element of jealousy.

"But you, mademoiselle?" and Celise's cheeks flushed again under the spur of hatred. "You will attend to your menial capacity?"

In an instant every vestige of color fled from Yolande's face. The shaft of insult had gone to its target.

A mental! True, she was a lady-in-waiting, but there was good blood in her veins, and she had prided herself on the fact that her father had given his life for France on the field of battle.

She looked at the duchesse for a full moment without speaking.

"I shall attend," she said slowly, measuring her words with care. Duchesse de Launy seems to forget that in my veins runs the blood of a line of dukes."

A scornful sneer formed on the lips of Celise. The hatred incapable of finding a lodgment in the human heart seemed to dart from her eyes.

"Oho!" she cried. "A line of dukes to be sure! Why, my dear child, you haven't even heard Madame la Marquise's name yet!"

Fearing that if she answered her tormentor as she should, she would only create an unpleasant scene, Yolande turned away. She wanted no quarrel with the duchesse.

"Cease!" exclaimed Celise, throwing out her hand and detaining her. "I have not done with you yet."

"But I have with you," was the reply as Yolande drew back to the full extent of the lumbar curve.

"Wait!" cried the duchesse. "A word—a little word—and I'll let you go."

Yolande drew her shapely figure up to its true height and, keeping down a storm of fast rising passion, looked her enemy full in the face.

"Say on," she said.

"Better blood than that which courses through your veins has been shed by the axe of Sanson," exclaimed the duchesse. "My little chit, better women than you have worried out their lives behind the moat of the Bastille."

"In God's name! what have I done?" cried Yolande. "You hate me, duchess, and never have I laid a malicious thought to your door."

"I do hate you! I will live to see all your dreams blasted and smoke rise from all your songs where the sunshine never falls and where the cold walls of stone sweat drops of horror."

Yolande put her hands to her ears to keep out the terrible words that fell from the tongue of the beautiful but maddened duchesse.

"I will not listen. You terrify me!" she cried. "If you do not stop I will go."

"Go! Go to the doom that awaits you!" was the retort. "You do not know whom you would insult. You do not know that in France, that you are! I will some day hear your pretty head roll at the feet of Madame la Marquise—a prayer that will fall upon deaf ears."

With this she flung Yolande from her and the young girl staggered down the passageway with a cry of horror ringing in her tortured soul.

She paused and dared to look back. There stood the triumphant duchesse, standing after her victim had fled, and turning from the scene she did not pause till she was safe in her own boudoir where she threw herself with a cry upon a divan.

What had happened? Why had the duchesse faced her with such terrible words. All she remembered. She recalled the hour with Henri d'Amblay in the circular garden. She remembered having heard him say that one of the eavesdroppers was a woman. Could it have been the duchesse?

Yolande remained in her room without moving for a long time. At last she once more recalled the fact that Madame la Marquise had promised her protection should she ever might be needed.

Removing all traces of her encounter at the open window, she left the chamber and went down the main staircase.

When midway on the flight of steps she saw a figure emerge from Madame's audience chamber and she fell against the wall as it was the Abbe Arbois, whom she secretly feared. In a moment he was gone and then she continued down the broad steps.

She nearly gave a cry when she came face to face with Madame de Pompadour. Her face was the embodiment of rage and her eyes flashed fire.

Yolande almost tottered forward.

"I did not send for you!" exclaimed Madame la Marquise. "You may retire. There are fairer women than you in the Bastile!"

Poor Yolande uttered a gasping cry and vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ABDUCTION.

In the meantime La Nuit had found him, sat M. Flasselles, one of the most discreted men in Paris, even in the height of the most dissolute of monarchs, and this is saying a great deal. He had found a table in the cafe Des Blanc Bonnet and chased goblet, and it was evident that he had been consulting them.

He was evidently waiting for some one, for every now and then his gaze wandered toward a certain door, as if he was near its close and outside the shadows of another might be approaching.

All of a sudden the watched portal crept open and Captain Henri La Nuit entered. M. Flasselles started with a little cry.

"Welcome, M. Le Compte, and you Bussy, and you, my dear Jacquette, surnamed 'The Cat,'" and he finished his sentence with a laugh.

"We are here," said the foremost man, and it was evident that the trio had never mingled with respectable people, but that they were ruffians ready to do any deed when a fee is in sight.

"The body is near at hand," pursued M. Flasselles, leaning back in his chair with an air of self-importance, "it's a fine bird that we're capturing tonight."

"A fine one, you say?" smiled the man called Jacquette, and he rubbed his hands on once since we carried off the Breton girl for some of the Duke of Guise's gold."

"Yes," said Le Compte, throwing up his hands. "We don't want to preach that little episode to the world, for King Louis is still looking for the fellows who carried out that little piece."

The Cat did not speak again.

"Our work tonight lies in the circular garden of the Rue Royale," he went on. "A certain fair damsel comes nightly into the garden to pelt the royal swans with roses. You are listening, my friends?"

"Yes," said Le Compte.

"Ever at your service," responded Bussy. Jacquette merely nodded.

"She is to be met at the lakelet when she is most busy at her diversion. I have the cloak ready. The grass is velvet at the lakelet and there is friendly shrubbery there. The moon, from all appearances, will aid us materially by keeping her face hidden. This girl is to be carried through the secret gate which opens into the rear avenue. You are to enter by that gate and conceal yourselves near the lakelet."

"But—yourself——" ventured Bussy.

"Oh, I am director-general of the affair," said M. Flasselles, with a little sigh. "When the girl has been secured she is to be taken to the old house by the Seine, at the end of the Rue de Poix. You will find the key in the secret ridge, and all I built will be found at her post of duty."

All three nodded.

"I understand," remarked Le Compte, "that this is the night of Madame la Marquise's fete."

"So it is," smiled M. Flasselles. "The palace will be crowded and the success of the affair will keep the titled personages within the palace. The lady-in-waiting will have nothing to do, and consequently will be at liberty to throw roses at the swans."

"I see!" exclaimed The Cat, elevating his head. "It is not a girl, but a bird, then."

"Nay, good Jacquette, but one with fine plumage for all that," grinned Mr. Flasselles.

"And the doubloons are certain?"

"Certain as the sun in the world," was the reply. "The girl is to be subjected to no harm. If she should be found in company with any one, that person is to be disposed of. There must be no failure, for failure means no doubloons."

The three precious villains looked at one another and then cast longing eyes upon the bottle.

"What, drink success!" cried M. Flasselles, leaving his chair and taking three more goblets from the second sideboard. "This is wine from ducal cellars."

The goblets were filled to the brim and emptied with the greatest gusto, the quartette smacking their lips over the liquor.

"Shall we go armed?" inquired Bussy.

"With short swords, blades that will not interfere with the dress," answered Le Compte.

"But he may have a rapier."

"Pah!"

"Yes, the person who may be with the girl."

"But you three ought to be his masters."

"Then you have not heard, M. Flasselles?"

"What is it I have not heard?"

"Two bodies were found in the Rue des Reptiles at daylight this morning."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

If You HAVE CATARRH

You are in Danger of CONSUMPTION

DEAFNESS

READ the story told in these pictures. A story in BLACK AND WHITE. The BLACK area shows the EXTENT of the disease. The WHITE shows the area reached by Different Remedies.

Fig. 1—THE BLACK, in the above picture, shows the extent of Catarrh—catarrh—CATARRH—HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (EAR) DOWN INTO THE LUNGS (EAR) into the nose (1) into the frontal sinus (2) into the bronchial tubes (3) (4) (5).

TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS, THE RUNE BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, OINTMENTS, ETC. The BLACK area shows how little can be reached—how little use of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

Fig. 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, INHALERS and WASHES and POWDERS.

By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.

Why waste time AWAY FROM MONEY, when you can positively purchase your life, by writing with your check book? Dr. Blosser is A BETTER WAY. (See Fig. 4).

Fig. 4—THE WHITE, representing the parts reached by DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, shows how little of the BLACK is left. Every living, sickening hole in the head, throat, bronchial tubes, lungs and stomach is reached and cleansed. IT DOES EVERYTHING, runs every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It is a real remedy. It is a real treatment. It is a real cure. It is a real home treatment, and is so simple and convenient that it can be used at home by man, woman or child.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong, and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which, when ignited, and the warm fumes inhaled would speedily relieve all catharrhal diseases. As shown in the accompanying illustrations, Dr. Blosser's vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy fights and kills Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a sensible treatment, and is so simple and convenient that it can be used at home by man, woman or child.

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail a liberal trial treatment entirely free. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, you cannot afford to neglect the use of this grand remedy. Catarrh, if long neglected, will engage in the fatal malady, leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter what, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor goes to the spot and gives immediate relief, you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember a postal card, or the coupon, with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, will bring you the FREE TRIAL TREATMENT—will also bring you free an Illustrated Book.

CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE.

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name _____

Town _____

Street or R. F. D. _____ State _____

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

MORE THAN EVER.

Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before.

"Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Not the Conservatory.

Young Lady—The Musical Conservatory is in this building, isn't it?

Janitor—No, mum; the Musical Conservatory is 'bout two blocks down street.

Young Lady (dubiously)—I—I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the Musical Conservatory is not here?

Janitor—Yes'm. Nothin' here but dentists' offices, mum.

The Principal Thing.

In a time of distressing drought, a harrassed amateur agriculturist stepped into a shop to buy a barometer. The shopman was giving a few stereotyped instructions about indications and pressures, when the purchaser impatiently interrupted him.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's all right; but what I want to know is, how do you set the thing when you want it to rain?"

He Drew the Line.

The Pastor's Wife—I called on Mrs. Harlem this afternoon and found her so beautifully optimistic. One expression she used has haunted me ever since.

The Pastor—What was it, dear?

The Pastor's Wife—There's music in everything."

The Pastor—Huh! I guess she has never listened our new choir.

Why He Was Arrested.

Farmer Soddler—Do you know why that dude farmer from the city was arrested?

Farmer Hayseeds—No, I ain't heerd nothin' about it.

Farmer Soddler—Waal, it war fer cruelty ter animals; he went an' shet his keow up in the icehouse, expectin' the critter would give him ice cream.

PERSONAL TO CONSUMPTIVES.

I possess information which cost me a fortune, and feel that I should let every consumptive know of my experience. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Central National Bank, Columbus, Ohio.

Wanted Him to Specify.

"Will you always be true?" asked the broker's suspicious daughter, when young Sportleigh had thrown himself at her feet and begged for her hand.

"As true as steel!" he cried.

"Common or preferred?" she inquired, still suspicious.

His Waterloo.

A mosquito buzzing on his way many things did tackle; he bled a boy and dog, they say, then made a rooster cackle. At last upon a drummer's cheek he settled down to drill; he prodded there for half a week—and then he broke his bill.

AGENTS WANTED

THE BEST LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. per week. Gives 5.0 candle power light and casts no shadow. So dirt, grease, nor dust. Over 200 other sizes and styles. Guaranteed 5 years. Lights itself. Can't explode. Sells on sight. Every one buys. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
423 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo of handle, write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box 4.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Profits. Sample Case Free. Reese Chem. Co., Reese Agency Co., Box 202, Station L, New York.

AGENTS WANTED $75 TO $250 per month

Agents Wanted in every county to sell finely furnished, with name, photo, large picture, etc., on handle, illuminated razor steel pocket knife. Sells on sight. Every man buys one. Write for terms and territory at once or send 50c for sample by mail.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS—$1.33 Per Hour

Canvass made to or you pay. Finest seller. Thrilling 7 year warranty. Many money makers. Sig. Richard buy and sold 26 horses in 5 days—profit $12.60. Agents get big repeat orders—build up permanent business. Write for terms. Horse Insurance Co., 1217 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.

VERY LAZY.

A lazy fellow named Free
Once started to chop down a tree;
On the third or fourth stroke
The ax-handle broke.
"Who said I'm not lucky?" asked he.

Parsdoxical.

Stubb—That young Bilkins is getting loose in his habits. He is getting more and more unsteady every day.

Penn—Unsteady? Why, I thought he was one of the firm.

GIRLS' COLLEGE TEAM.

Marion—But if Grace is such an enemy of Helen, I can't see why she wishes to play on the same football team with her.

Myrtle—Oh, she knows she will have a chance to pull her hair during the scrimmage.

In the Museum.

Manager—What makes the lion tamer so late?

Assistant—He had his wife arrested for cruelty—and he had to go to court this morning and appear against her.

Pa Was Wrong.

She—But papa says you're not very provident.

He—You tell your father that I have saved up three hundred pairs of old socks for my future wife to darn.

A Coincidence.

"Now Tommie," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of a coincidence."

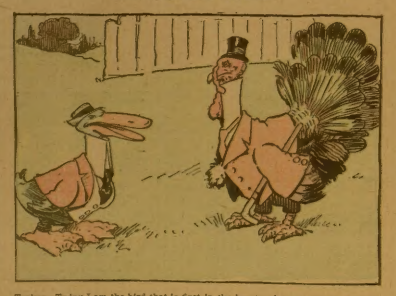
"Why—er," said Tommie, with some hesitation, "why—er—why me fodder, and me mudder was both married on de same day."

All the Difference.

"I understand that the smart set is snubbing the De Bucks because they have a skeleton in their closet."

"Not at all. The snub is because they didn't keep it there."

BEFORE AND AFTER.



Turkey—Today I am the bird that is first in the hearts of every true American! Duck—Yes, and tomorrow you will be the bird that will be first in their stomachs!

Good News for the Deaf.

A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home. He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, suite 313, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and we wish to assure them that they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a "Trial Treatment."

Didn't Care for It.

"Mr. Busby," said the hostess, "won't you please ask Miss Screecher to sing for us? You know, she'll never do anything that I ask her."

"Oh, in that case," rejoined Busby, "I would rather have you ask her."

Well Prepared.

Mrs. Upperten (exhibiting new house)—And this is the nursery.

Mrs. Innit—But what do you want of a nursery?

Mrs. Upperten—Well, you know the unexpected sometimes happens.

One on Pa.

"My son," said Hardup, as he pointed to the ivy in front of the cottage, "always be like that vine—climb."

The little boy was thoughtful.

"I don't think I'd care to be like that vine," he responded seriously.

"And why not, Tommy?"

"'Cause if I was I'd be a porch-climber."

Prescribed by Doctors.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, an honest, tried and true remedy for feminine ills, holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of any similar remedy, and is prescribed and recommended by hundreds of fair-minded doctors who do not fear to recommend a worthy medicine even though it is advertised.

Revised Version.

Scribbles—Let me see, what's that old saying about taking care of the pennies?

Dribbles—Take care of the pennies and your heirs will fight over your dollars.

Declined.

Mrs. Rurale—Ah, you'd like some turkey, eh? Well, did you notice that sassy by the woodpile?

Hungry Higgins—Oh! if it's the species of bird you have to dissect with a saw, truly-la-la, madam.

TO WOMEN who DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or woman childless. Dr. J. R. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth can be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it is done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 170 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain and how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

The Innocent Maid.

"Do you believe in high license?" asked the young man in the parlor gently.

"Well," replied the innocent maid, "I don't believe the license should be high enough to discourage matrimony.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Migmette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It produces and brings back the youthful glow to the face and restores color to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for 30 years by ladies who are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 672, Blairsville, Pa.

How She Scored.

Mrs. Urban—I threw a stone at an old hen this morning, and I hit her, too.

Urban—With the stone?

Mrs. Urban—N-no, but the stone jarred an apple off the limb of a tree, and the apple fell on the hen.

Politics and Cucumbers.

"And what," asked a visitor to the North Dakota State fair, "do you call that kind of cucumber?"

"That," replied a Fargo politician, "is the insurgent cucumber. It doesn't always agree with a party."

The Carver.

He wields the carving knife with glee
Then pauses baffled and distressed.
So do not blame the host if he
Is not as Thankful as the rest.

The Failure.

Seymour—There are sixty chicken magazines published in this country.

Ashley—I know there are; those publications were the cause of my brother-in-law's failure in the egg business.

Seymour—How was that?

Ashley—Why, he subscribed for them all and it took him so long to read their contents that he could never find time to feed his hens.

Hers' Teeth.

"Your composition, as a whole," said the professor of literature, "deserves a great deal of praise, but I must object to the expression, 'he fine as hens' teeth;' it is not merely uncouth, but also suggestive of nature faking; for it is common knowledge that hens' teeth do not exist."

"I don't see why they don't exist," muttered the composer; "don't combs have teeth, and don't hens have combs?"

Apparent Disagreement.

Oldcommutte—I've been living in Suburbville now for about three years.

Newcommutte—Three years? Why, the other day you told me you had moved there five years ago.

Oldcommutte—That's all right; but you must remember that I have lived about two years on the trains, going and coming.

Why He Left.

Long—Why did you leave the place where you formerly boarded?

Short—Because the landlady had too much curiosity.

Long—In what direction?

Short—Oh, she was continually asking me when I was going to pay my board bill.

The Lawyers Won.

Askitt—Old Skinner left quite a large estate, did he not?

Nolitt—Yes; but some of his relatives contested his will.

Askitt—Was there much left after it got through the courts?

Nolitt—Nothing but the heirs.

The Missing Bird.

"How do you find the chicken soup tonight, Mr. Newcomb?" queried the boarding house landlady.

"I have no difficulty in finding the soup, Mrs. Hasher," he replied, "but I am inclined to think the chicken will be able to prove an alibi."

Why They Didn't Sell.

Christopher—Did Lounus sell any of his peanut mustard plasters?

Randall—No; they were so hot that every druggist refused to carry them; they increased the fire risk $0 per cent.

In the Museum.

"What is that, papa?" asked the progressive politician's little boy, as he pointed to an implement which had been used by the people of the stone age.

"That, my son," replied the progressive politician, "is a sample of what people of today would be using if all their ancestors had been stand-patters."

Notice to Readers.

The attention of every reader of the Chicago Ledger is called to the advertisement of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, which appears in this issue. Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., the discoverer and proprietor, is a man of such character that his claims for the remedy and his promises may be relied upon in every particular.

As he offers absolutely free a trial sample of his Catarrh Remedy, it is certainly well worth the while of every sufferer to write him and give the remedy a trial, at least to this extent. It is evident that unless the remedy is a good one he could not afford to make this offer.

Time to Kick.

Stubb—Artist in Europe sold a million-dire a picture called the "Wild Duck," and didn't receive all that he asked for the painting.

Penn—What is the artist doing now?

Stubb—Why, he has sued to get his canvasback.

Neither Fear nor Familiarity.

"What we want, said the fervid speaker, "is a man who is not afraid of a trust."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and at the same time we don't want one who is so fearless that he will eat out of its hand."

No Stint.

Miss Gabbles—Yes, I invariably weigh my words.

Mr. Nuwedd—Well, it's a safe bet that you have never been accused of giving short weight.

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more repressing, vitalizing force than ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, Mass. (5)

A Difference.

Maxwell—Where are you going to spend Thanksgiving?

Waxwell—In the bosom of my family. Where are you?

Maxwell—Well, I hope to spend a considerable portion of it in the bosom of a turkey.

Distributive Circumstances.

Stubb—Have you ever noticed how the cause of my brother-in-law's failure is the cause of success in some other business?

Penn—No; what is that?

Stubb—Why, he subscribed for them all and it took him so long to read their contents that he could never find time to feed his hens.

No Criterion.

Mrs. Getmers—Is that Jones girl going to be married?

Mrs. Sillets—It looks like it—she's engaged.

Mrs. Getmers—Engaged? That's no criterion; I was engaged seven times before I was married.

Illustrations.

The Writer—Can you use an article on King Solomon?

Magazine Editor—Yes, if you can furnish a set of portraits of his wives.

Often the Case.

Professor Drinkdust—Have you noticed the absolute correctness of Mr. Studihard's speech?

Mr. Getthere—Of course. That is the only thing about his conversation there is to notice.

Did Not Know Him.

Waddtighter (who has just been asked for the price of a night's lodging)—I wish those beggars would leave me alone!

McIntimate—They would if they knew you as well as I do.

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

"Hold still there! bad luck to ye! the missus said to stuff ye wid chestnuts an' I'm going to do it if ye choke."

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and drive them from the city in disgrace, you mean to murder them? Talk it out."

"I haven't said anything of the kind. I wouldn't say anything of the kind. I'm a humane man and wouldn't stoop to murder. I wouldn't kill a cat. All my life I've had people tell me how tender-hearted I am. No, sir, I wouldn't propose such a thing. I just said it to see what you'd say."

Weaver frowned and arose to his feet.

"It is a wonder to me," he said, "that the principal, whoever he is, ever put such a man as you are at this game. You'll have us all in the penitentiary first thing we know. I'm going to stroll up to the store to see if all is right there."

The doctor went away in a rage. He did not care at that time whether the boys were held in the store or not. If he could have seen them, a little later, standing at the back door, listening to a soft knocking, he would not have reported the matter to his fellow conspirators.

CHAPTER IX.
THE FRAUD DISCOVERED.

The young merchants had not been asleep when the soft knocking came at the rear door. Indeed, they had not left the lower floor, but had remained in front, looking out on the street and watching the health inspector as he paced the walk, ever keeping a keen eye on his charge.

Sidney was first to hear the sound. Thinking that perhaps Henry had returned, he walked to the door and listened at first, then answered with a knock on the panel.

"Careful. There's an inspector in the alley!"

That was Henry's voice, and Sidney cautiously unlocked the door and let him in. The boy had been running and was somewhat out of breath, yet he threw himself into a chair and laughed until his sides ached. The two boys looked on in wonder, Sergeant Howie hastened outside, but soon returned

There was a quick movement in the room and a pistol shot.

"Well, I've had a lark, anyway," he said, "and it's good news, anyway."

"Hour ago!" exclaimed Sidney. "We're not anxious to know what you are laughing about. It doesn't seem very funny to us, but you go right ahead."

"It is funny!" declared Henry. "When I left here I skipped down to the Desplaines Street Station and found Sergeant Howie's boy, fellows, he was the maddest man I ever saw! Looked and acted like he wanted to bite a brick out of the station. He went in to see the captain and then went away, telling me to stay there. I wanted to go with him, for he routed out a lot of detectives and a couple of doctors before he went, and I thought there'd be some fun.

"I waited there a long time, and then he came back, madder even when he went away. I heard him saying things to the detectives and I felt sorry for the man. He said the city cops had let some one get away from a man came from fifty-fourth street, where this Doctor Weaver claimed to live, and reported that there was no such man at the number given, only a little while two men came back from some place on South Halsted street and said that some store they had been watching for a long time and that no one had passed in or out for a long time.

"The sergeant talked with the captain again just on the q. t., I guess, for he took himself in a little while, but until he does come he want to lie low because he wants to have a heart-to-heart talk with the inspectors.

"Is he going to call the whole thing off?" demanded Dick.

"Call off! Well, you just wait until he gets here! Say, this is the rankest proposition you ever heard of, and the foundest!"

At this moment the key was turned in the front door and Sergeant Howie entered, accompanied by two detectives and the inspectors who had been watching the building. The inspectors were talking excitedly, and it was clear that they were under arrest.

After greeting the anxious boys Sergeant Howie locked the door and turned to the inspectors.

"Who gave you authority to come here?" he demanded.

One of the men pointed to his companion, the man who had come into the store from the ambulance.

"This is my superior officer," he said, "and I came by his orders."

"And who told you to come?" demanded the officer, of the other.

"Why, I came with the ambulance, at the first call," was the reply.

"Which ambulance cam-

"That from the contagion hospital, of course."

"Who received the call?"

"Why, I happened-to. What then?"

"Did you know a case of smallpox when you see it?"

"Of course I do, sir."

"Did you examine that woman?"

"No, sir; I took the doctor's word for it."

"Had you ever seen the doctor before?"

"No, sir; but he seemed to be all right.

"Do you know where that woman is now?"

"At the hospital."

"Then you don't know that she jumped out of the window and took to her heels when a police surgeon went there to see her?"

"Did she? Did she? Golly, but this is funny! She must have been sick! Took to her heels, did she. Oh, oh, that's too good!"

It was Dick who thus broke into the explanation of the inspector, and he ended his exclamations by rolling on the floor in a most undignified manner.

"No, I didn't know that," replied the inspector, backing away.

"And you don't know that there is no Dr. Z. K. Weaver in the city directory, or at the number he gave? You don't know that this is one of the cheapest, clumsiest frauds ever put up to ruin a couple of business men? If you don't know it, you soon will. You are under arrest."

There was a quick movement in the room, a pistol shot, and the banging of a door. The inspector had taken French leave, and the detectives, after firing in the dark, were pursuing him through the alley, shouts. The two boys looked on in wonder, Sergeant Howie hastened outside, but soon returned

"You heard what I said, boys?" he asked. "You bet we do!"

Both boys seemed to speak at once, and to find the same words.

"It was the cheapest, he vlest fraud ever put up in the city of Chicago since I have been on the police force," continued the sergeant. "It was just a plain, old-fashioned mess as that assault job they put up on you something over a year ago.

"And still, Mr. Sidney, only for you they would have made both jobs stick.

"We don't know that," was the reply. "The question now is this: Who is at the bottom of the prosecution?"

"We have always accused Archer of being mixed up in that assault job," said Dick. "He looks the same now."

"I had his store watched from the minute I got word from you," said the sergeant, "but discovered nothing. The detectives reported the place dark."

It will be remembered that Archer and Weaver did their talking in a back room of the store, and that the front of the place was closed. Weaver left after the detectives had come, and had talked with the inspectors at the store just before their arrival there.

"I wonder," Sidney said, in a moment, "if the newspapers have got hold of this story? They might help us in the morning. You know the story was out last night that the slave had been quarantined."

"They've got it right," replied Sergeant Howie. "And I advise you to. They will tell the story of the attempted fraud in the morning."

"Then we may have a good day tomorrow, after all," grinned Dick.

The detectives returned in an hour and reported that the runaway inspectors could not be found. Nothing at the hospital showed that the ambulance call had not been recorded. There was no record there of a smallpox case answering.

"The man was paid for what he did," the sergeant said, "and I suppose they will say who paid him? Do either of you boys know any person who might want to get you out of business?" he questioned.

The boys shook their heads. There was no one, they declared, who had just cause for doing them an injury.

It was late after the boys got to bed that night. In truth the sun was peeping out of Lake Michigan when they sought the lights on the second floor. Of course, they could not sleep long, for there were the

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We can serve you half as cheap as you purchase. Write to-day for our latest price list.

newspapers to read, and the store to get ready for the expected rush.

Newspapers played the story up well, and one of them on the first page. The interviewer showed that the bank department had had nothing to do with the affair. The confession reached in each paper was that the whole incident was the result of business rivalry, but the boys knew better than that.

By ten of customers came as expected. The three small stores and the department store were packed with buyers all day. The newspaper story of the nerve of two plucky young boys were making for a place in the business world seemed to attract the attention of the people of the whole city, and even rival wagon came from a distance of the town to see the youngsters, and to talk with them, and to buy their goods. It was a great day for Sidney and Dick, and plenty won high honors in the mustercom. It was said by many who visited that department that they had never heard a finer yell.

That night when the store was closed the boys put $3,000 in the safe. It was not a wise thing to do, considering the trouble they had already been subjected to for unknown causes, but they had been too busy to put it in bank before closing hours.

"Anyway," observe Dick, "we'll have to pay out $3,000 tomorrow to Denton & Company for dry goods, and we may as well have the currency. I think we're lucky to have such a safe today, for we couldn't have paid that firm if trade had been dull. I guess that smallpox scare was for the best, after all."

"We could have had money of Sergeant Howle," suggested Sidney.

"Well, we can't now, because he's gone off on his vacation. He went today, and left no address. He said he felt like plunging into the woods to take the taste of that rotten plot affair out of his mouth for awhile."

But the boys were in for another night of trouble.

When they sought their room above the store, Dick turned back as if to go below again, then paused and asked if the light was burning in front of the safe. This was because the light was not always left burning there, for there were times when the big safe, which they had found in the place, contained little of value Sidney replied that it was. He had been particular to see to it on, he said, because there was so much money on hand.

The boys dropped off to sleep, happy because of the splendid success of the day, but the question that had been asked about the safe brought the matter of the large sum of money on hand to the mind of the senior partner, and he did not sleep soundly. Time and again he sat up in bed and listened for noises in the store below.

Finally, about one o'clock, he arose, dressed himself, and, leaving his partner sound asleep, slipped down a side staircase to the store. When he came into the room below he stood for a second, a thrill of fear running through him, and then almost stopping the beating of his heart.

There was no door in front of the big safe, and yet he was positive that he had closed it in the incandescent just before going to bed!

CHAPTER X

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK

The boy listened with strained senses, but heard no stirring sound save the ticking of the safe. After all, he thought, the light might have failed because of an imperfect bulb. He turned on the switch and flooded the room.

It was very dark at the rear of the store, where the safe was, and the boy reached up and pressed an electric button which should have switched on lights all over the lower floor. No illumination followed the act, and he became convinced that the wiring had burned out, or that defective wiring with which he had to do.

At first he thought of arousing Dick, but now he had seemed to be getting unnecessary. The boy was tired and needed sound sleep, and perhaps there was nothing he could do done until daylight. Sidney decided to walk back to the safe, see that all was right there, and go back to bed.

He felt in his pocket for a match, but there were none of his personal belongings in the darkness, feeling his way as best he might. Still there was no sound in the store. From outside came the heavy rumble of street cars and freight wagons, and now and then voices were heard on the pavement, but there was no sound or motion in the store.

Halfway back to the safe, Sidney stumbled over something on the floor and bent to the floor. Then, before he could get on his feet again, a heavy body was forced back unconscious for an instant. Then, like one in a nightmare dream, he found himself fighting again, but battling against heavy odds, for there seemed to be two assailants, and there was a cruel hand at his throat.

Above the panting of those who were choking the life out of him, through the dull ringing in his ears, Sidney heard steps on the staircase to the floor above. That must be Dick coming to his rescue. His throat thought was of the money that had been in the safe. His hope was that Dick would catch the robbers down in their tracks, and so prevent the carrying off of booty out of the building.

His senses were giving fast under the choking he was receiving, but he saw a blur of light and heard a pistol shot. Even at that critical time he sensed the rank smell of powder smoke and heard the rattle of breaking glass.

When he came back to consciousness he found himself lying on the couch in his sleeping room. His head and throat were bandaged, and his eyes were weak and tired. They shrank from the light when he opened them. A small clock hung on the wall in front of the couch and he saw that the hands pointed to five minutes after six. His head from the pillow, but could not do so.

In an instant the struggle in the store came back to him, and he moaned aloud as he remembered being overcome by the robbers. He recalled Dick coming, and wondered if the boy had been killed. He wondered, too, if every cent of the money in the safe had been taken.

Sidney felt a feeling of despair came over him, then his sturdy spirit conquered. He would be brave for the time. The next thing to do in the emergency. While trying to remember, Sidney noticed a piece of paper in hand, in spite of the roaring in his ears in spite of the faintness which came over him, he heard a step outside the door, and came from the room next to the one he occupied.

"Have you heard from Sergeant Howle?" he asked. "I have been trying to think that the boy had escaped injury.

"Not yet," was the reply, "and I'm afraid there is no hope of hearing from him. He left for northern Michigan last night, and he probably will not return for a day or two. A vacation he has taken in years."

Sidney heard the voice of Hesse, and then the speaker, whom Sidney recognized as a detective at the Desplaines Street Police Station.

Can't you get that bill extended

"I don't see it," replied Dick's voice.

"But the fact that you have lost $3,000 by burglary ought to cause the request to be granted without objection.

Sidney guarded the money, then, was gone! The precious $3,000 which was to be paid out that day. And he had been helpless on his back, leaving Dick to figure on the desperate problem alone.

"Before I ask such a favor," Dick's voice said, "I'm going to try to reach Tom Cross, out in Montana. I'm going to do my best to get the money before asking for an extension.

"It's not possible, at all, to do that," I should go to Denton & Company at once and ask for an extension until your money can be heard from, or at least until Sidney gets out again."

"The plucky chap was doing a pretty good job fighting those two men until he got that second slip on the head," said Dick. "When I got there they were grating over the floor like a basket of snakes, and Sidney was beating the face of the man who had him by the throat."

"I wish you had winged one of them."

"Why, they had too much the start of me coming," was the reply. "When I heard the howling and pounding I hastened down. The electric switch wouldn't work, for they had cut the wire, and so I struck a match and lighted the little gas jet over the desk. Then the burglars shot at me.

back, and they ran out of the store. der how Sidney is feeling by this time.

Dick opened the door and peered in and Sidney he found to lie

"Hello!" cried the boy, "you're coming out of it. I was afraid I've heard too

Sidney's voice was very faint and husky because of the injury to his throat, but it

"I'll ask if the story was open, and if it could get through the day all right.

"Sure!" was the reply. "I'm going to get Denton & Company to extension. I'll see that I'll get all right. The

"Hello! Are you

" be continued, with a brief simile ou go to sleep and get ready for work. You needn't think this firm can't run without you. I'll show you how to do things."

Dick sat by the side of the bed, talking plans over with Sidney until the latter sent him away, declaring that there was much to be done to have him losing there.

When he reached the store the detective was still there. He had been detailed by Captain Mahoney to remain at the scene of the robbery through the day, and had sent him with a smile intended to be brave, but it was hardly that.

"There's no hope for it," he said. "I've got to go to Denton and ask for extension. We've never done anything of that kind in the store, and I don't like it. I'd rather have my head knocked off than to go."

"Don't make so much of it," advised the other, "and let the business come to you. You boys are good customers, and there will be no objection."

"I've got a hunch that there's trouble for me down there," responded Dick.

The detective left the store and the boy started off. When he walked into the office of Denton & Company, down in the wholesale district, a smiling clerk stepped forward to learn his business, and when he had usually paid over the money for the goods as the firm had bought there.

"Is Mr. Denton in?" asked Dick, conscious of the fright in his voice. He seemed to feel that already the firm was regarding him with suspicion.

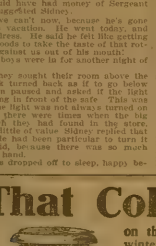
"Why, yes sir," was the reply, "but he is very busy, and I can do business with you just the same as before. Your bill today is larger than usual," he added, with a smile believed to be encouraging.

"I want to see Mr. Denton about the bill," choked out Dick. "If you'll kindly let him know that I am here, I'll wait until he's at liberty to see me."

"Very well, the business" asked the

"I must see Mr. Denton," per-

That Cold Room



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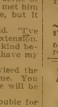

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The clerk opened a wire gate in a wall of counter and pointed to a door at the back of the large room. "He's in there," he said, not at all pleasantly.

At that moment the boy wished that he was back on the street blacking shoes. This weakness lasted only a second, however, and he advanced boldly to the door pointed out by the clerk and rapped softly on a panel. It was opened directly and he entered.

Mr. Denton sat at a desk by a back window with a large heap of correspondence before him. He was a long, thin man, with a long, thin neck, a large, thin nose, and a pair of keen, snappy, black eyes, which were set too near together for beauty.

At first he greeted the boy with a smile, then, seeing from Dick's manner that something was wrong, he frowned and pointed to a chair. Dick sat down, breathing like he had been in a running race.

"What can I do for you?" asked Denton, and the point was reached where the story must be told, the request for extension made.

Without preliminary, or explanation of any kind, the boy opened with the statement that the firm of Adsit & Shaw would not be able to pay its note that day.

Mr. Denton frowned and touched a button on his desk. Immediately a stenographer entered the room and sat down at a little desk near Denton's. It was evident that whatever was said there would be recorded. Then Denton asked:

"What's the trouble?"

Then, briefly and with great effort, Dick told the story of the burglary, of the illness of Sidney, and of the absence of Sergeant Howie, who would surely help them, just as soon as he could be reached. Denton leaned back in his swivel chair, his eyes suspicious, his long, lean pencil at the tip of his long, lean nose.

"What do you propose?" he asked.

"If you will extend the bill due today we can pay it in a few days."

"Will this Sergeant Howie help you?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"About eighteen."

"And your partner?"

"About nineteen."

"Mere nothings!" snapped Denton. "I don't see how you ever got into us to the extent of $1,000. Haven't you been doing a good business?"

"Fine, but as I have told you, our money was stolen last night."

CHAPTER XI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Denton, at mention of the robbery again, turned upon the boy, apparently frightened, though game to see the thing through, and pointed a long, lean finger accusingly at him.

"What put this idea of the robbery into your head?" he demanded. "Have you run bills to the limit of your credit in other places, too? Have you already nicked your sway somewhere, out of reach, are you ready to take advantage of the rumor act?"

Dick was not used to such accusations. His face turned as white as his shirt, and his muscles straightened. Denton had found the words calculated to bring back all the nerve and all capacity in the boy's body.

"Do you pretend to think that I am lying to you about the robbery?" he demanded.

"Of course you are lying," was the brutal reply. "You ought to be arrested where you sit for a cheat and a fraud."

Dick rose from his chair, his eyes flashing with anger. That long, thin neck had great attraction for him at that moment, but he managed to keep his hands off it.

"I am sorry you have such an opinion of me," was all he said.

Denton laughed harshly, beating on his desk with his long, thin hand.

"What do you expect?" he demanded. "Do you expect me to sympathize with you over an imaginary loss? Oh, you have nerve! I'll give you that.

"The bill will be paid before night," replied Dick, the coolest of the two, though only a little experience in the business game.

"If it is not paid before night," thundered Denton, "you'll find your stock attached and your property. I'm not going to stand such a loss."

"I tell you that the bill will be paid."

"Paid! How paid? If you are capable of paying it, why do you come here with this cock-and-bull story? Why don't you lay down the money?"

"I've got to raise the money somehow," was the reply. "I came to see you first because you made a profit on the transaction and supposed that the inconvenience. I am sorry I came. I thought I was to meet a gentleman."

"You get out of here!" roared Denton. "The lowest enough of me, thinking about taking your insults. Bring no more of your fake stories here. I'm too old a hand at business to be taken in by them. I shall proceed at once to attach your stock."

"You'll burn your fingers if you touch it," said Dick, as he turned toward the door. As he passed the stenographer's desk he saw that she was looking at him with worlds of sympathy in the sweetest pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. Her cheeks were as a delicate flush of pink as he looked at her, then she bent over her desk. Dick left the place thankful for the belief in him which the girl had shown.

It was a very discouraged boy who walked from the office. Denton, he had anticipated criticism there, perhaps censure, but nothing like this. He had promised to pay Sidney's share, and he dreaded to do it. But how?

At that moment he had no idea where the money was to come from. There were no bills of importance due him, and he thought of borrowing the money of some loan agency and permitting them to put a mortgage on his stock, but until the sum was paid back. But that would involve a large interest. The money he would demand at least $600 for the accommodation, and the creditor's policy would amount to at least $200 more. Such a thing was to be thought of only as a last resort.

The boy drew back his shoulders and struck out toward the West Side. He passed a saloon and took in his face. Poor Sidney was lying there in physical as well as mental agony. He could do all in his power to cheer him up. It was a hard moment for the merchant when he had found. He stopped for an instant and leaned over Madison street bridge, looking down into the dark water below. The next set for some tangible plan to work on.

"Oh, well, it's no use," he said, "there is no use in going into the dumps over it. The only thing to do now is to come out in a tough place is to fight harder."

The lad had spoken louder than he knew, and almost before he knew it he was out of his mouth a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find Hawkins there with the pleased face of Mr. Benjamin Harlan, senior member of the Ethan Shoe Company, of whom their stock was bought. At first the wealthy merchant did not recognize the boy as a member of the firm of Adsit & Shaw. He had frequently transacted business with Dick's father, but not with him.

"Pardon me," said the merchant, with a smile, "but you spoke rather vehemently your remark, and I want to tell you how right you are. Keep up the fighting. I believe in yourself, and you'll win out. That's a good sentence. The only thing to do when one comes to a tough place is to fight harder. I like that."

"That's what I'm running on," smiled the boy.

Mr. Harlan did not at once reply. He stood there with his hand on the boy's shoulder for a long time, so long that Dick began to wonder if he was thinking out one of the robbery, which, somehow, had failed to find its way into the daily news papers, and was about to accuse him of fraud, as Denton had done.

Mr. Harlan was a tall man, with an ample figure and a broad, smiling face. His blue eyes were of the kindly sort, and his whole expression, as he stood there on the bridge was calculated to inspire confidence and respect.

"It seems to me," said the merchant, directly, "that I have met you somewhere before, though I took you for an entire stranger at first. I spoke on impulse. It is your attitude, just now. Perhaps you can tell me where we have met."

"Why," replied the boy, "I thought you spoke to me because you knew me, and because you thought to give me a little extra courage. I have known you for a long time, Mr. Harlan, though not by name, if you please."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the merchant, then, "I've got Dickie Adsit, the son of Adsit & Shaw! You are good customers of mine! Hope you're doing well? And yet the words I overheard might lead one to suspect that you had come to me for a hard place on your watching off? What is it, boy? Don't be afraid to speak, for I like boys who grow up to some fight for achievement.

"I am glad you do, sir," said Dick, "for some of the boys who are fighting for advancement need all the sympathy they can get."

"I hope there is nothing wrong with you." The troubled boy did not reply immediately. He did not care to annoy Mr. Harlan with a recital of his troubles. Just then there came to him with an extra edition of the news, and Dick bought a copy and looked at it. In Spanish, pointing out the story of the burglary.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried the wholesaler, after glancing at the headlines, "I'm sure that such a loss as that will affect you considerably. Is your partner ill? I shall call on him at once."

"He is not injured," was the reply, "but I can't say as much for the financial affairs of the firm. That money was to have been paid to Denton & Company today, and I had had a very trying interview with Mr. Denton."

"What did Denton say?" asked Mr. Harlan, who was quick to see all business now, and the look on his face was eager as well as kindly.

"Why," replied the boy, "he wasn't very polite to me, and he's going to close us out unless the bill is paid before night."

"What did he say to you?" asked the merchant, who was sure he wasn't very polite to you. Why do you say that?"

"He accused me of being a thief and a fraud, and he was going to put me in jail. I had no idea he could be such a brutal fellow."

Mr. Harlan took the boy by the arm and started back over the bridge again. They had been standing at the west end. Dick walked along in something of a daze.

"Oh, well, boy," he finally said, "I ought to be getting back to Sidney. He needs my company."

"All in good time," was the reply. "How soon can you get this bill?" he then asked.

"Just as soon as we can hear from our landlord, Sergeant Howie. He'll let us have the money, I'm sure, if we can't pay him as we take it in."

"Well, I don't know what to make of Denton," Mr. Harlan said, apparently speaking to himself, "but I'm not fond about the fellow for some time, but I didn't think he would assume so much responsibility. You come on back to Denton's with me," he continued, turning to the boy, "and I'll see what can be done."

"I'd rather not go back there, sir," Dick replied, drawing back.

"It is quite necessary," insisted Harlan, "that you do so. Come, I'll tell you why. We'll soon have this business fixed up."

This was the best kind of news to Dick, and he followed the merchant in the Denton office again. But Sidney would be pleased, and that was the best of the good extra expense, and, after all, he had no right to put his personal grievances before those of the firm.

Mr. Harlan, accompanied by Dick, walked straight through Denton's outer office and entered the inner one without knocking. The boy, following close behind, caught a look of pleasure in the brown eyes of the girl stenographer.

"She's nice," he thought. "She saw me sent out in disgrace, with accusations of fraud, and now she's glad to see me back again."

Although he had never seen Wave Coleman before that day, he could not avoid bowing to her in acknowledgment of her kindness, and what could the girl do but bow to him in return? So, in a moment, they thought themselves on well acquainted.

Denton glanced up from his desk at Harlan's appearance and smiled, but when he saw the boy he had ordered out of his office scarcely eight hours before.

"What is this about Adsit & Shaw?" asked Harlan, advancing to the desk briefly and coldly, for he had recently stood to such little purpose.

Denton arose and stood smirking before his visitor, taking occasion, however, to frown at the boy, who understood from that his friend was a personage of great importance there.

"Why, I thought best to protect ourselves, sir, but I didn't mean to close down on them, sir. That was a little bluff."

"I don't like it, Denton," said Mr. Harlan, "you mustn't be rude to our customers. Now, you extend that bill thirty days. Come on, young man, we'll go now."

There is no expressing the joy Dick felt at the outcome of the matter. Besides getting the extension, he was glad to see Denton taking orders like an office boy.

Dick tried to express his gratitude to

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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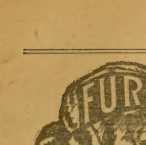

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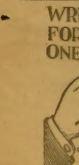

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The Shadow of the Bastile.

(Continued from page seven.)

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and they had been rapiered as neatly as you please."

"By whom?"

"Le Comte there can tell. He it was who discovered the bodies and he says he knows that rapier thrust."

M. Plasselles turned his weasel eyes upon Le Comte.

"I'm no surgeon," said that worthy. "But once upon a time I stopped a young noble in the Rue de Rohan and got a slit in my ribs, and by the blood of the saints! it was of the same stuff with that the two rascals got in the Rue des Reptiles."

"And you think——"

"If I was put upon my oath I would say that one Henri d'Ambray wields that blade."

"Ho, ho!" What a guesser you are!" cried M. Plasselles. "If any one is with the girl tonight, you can pay him back."

At this the three rose and took their departure, watched by the occupant of the room till the last one had passed through the door.

Not long afterward three gliding figures might have been seen in the garden of the Palais Royal.

They crept toward the lake of swans and concealed themselves among the spray bank. The night was a propitious one for their nefarious enterprise. The moon was nearly all the time obscured by a bank of clouds, but now and then she peeped out with splendid powers, in another minute to vanish again.

The Palais Royal was ablaze with light, for Madame la Marquise's fete was at its height.

Sounds of rural festivities came to the ears of the three rascals huddled together in the shadows.

"She may not come," whispered, Jan-quette.

"Then the doubloons will never be spent by us," returned Bussy.

"Long waits bring the gold," smiled Le Comte. "Ho, comes the boat to the lake, M. Plasselles said."

Presently there tripped down the narrow flower-bordered path leading to the bank of the lake a young girl, whose garments rustled even in the dim light which prevailed at that moment.

The three rascals drew their nefarious work.

"She's a fay-like witch," grinned The Cat, admiringly. "What a prize Madame Thibault will find in her!"

Yolande—for the young girl was the object of the night adventure—advanced to the water's edge, and there she gave her pluck a handful of roses from the bushes that stood thick there.

She feared no danger, for she began to scatter the flowers at the noble white swans which, recognizing her, paddled forward, stretching their slender necks playfully to receive her offerings.

Le Comte made ready the cloak which he had brought to the spot and his companions taking the cue from him prepared for the spring.

At that moment, however, another figure hove in sight and the trio drew back again.

"By my soul!" muttered Bussy, "a lay old enemy, the Sieur d'Ambray."

"What of it?" demanded The Cat. "You know what the master said?"

Henri d'Ambray came on till he was within a few paces of the young girl when he stopped to admire her.

"Quick now!" whispered Le Compte. "You and Bussy for the maid. I will take care of d'Ambray."

Out of their ambush sprang the three men at the same moment.

Yolande uttered a cry, when, turning, she found herself face to face with the ruffians and Henri d'Ambray whipped out his sword. But at that moment Le Compte was upon him.

The young Gascon was borne back by the attack and his sword fell from his grasp.

At the same moment Bussy and The Cat seized Yolande and the cloak was whisked over her head and pulled taut.

All this did not occupy the half of a second.

Meanwhile Henri d'Ambray had recovered and was plunging forward.

Le Compte stood his ground, but his short weapon was no match for the young noble's rapier.

He got it fair between his ribs and reeled away.

Yolande had been lifted from the ground and the three rascals bore her to the edge of The Cat.

She could not scream for the accursed cloak that nearly smothered her.

D'Ambray, who had finished Le Compte with a thrust through the heart, but at that moment a pistol in the hands of Bussy flashed in his face, dropped his sword and tottered back.

When his sight opened his eyes everything on the spot was still.

The only human object in sight was the stiffening corpse of Julien Le Compte.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this romance. In it you will find it strong and captivating to the end. So if you are contemplating buying any stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly. If you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

A sharp appetite can usually manage with a dull knife.

Fifty Cents Apiece.

Smith & Jones pride themselves on being sharp dealers in their wares. Having no competition in their little country town, they sometimes took on a little more profit than the conditions justify. The farmers know this, and they have given the firm a reputation that is one of the jokes of the country.

The other day old Bill Sackett came to town to get four or five axes, having decided to hurry up and cut a lot of cordwood to haul to pay the taxes.

"There's putty fair axes," said Bill, after half a dozen different kinds of axes had been unwrapped and submitted to his critical examination.

"The best there is," said Smith & Jones in concert.

A dozen men sitting on soap and cracker boxes around the stove halted a debate on the financial question to watch the bargain.

"What's the price?" asked Bill.

"Sixty cents," replied Smith & Jones together.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bill, reflectively. "I'll give you fellers 50 cents apiece for 'em."

Ye sell five at one sale seemed a good thing, and Smith & Jones nodded to each other, and a number of the axes were tied up and pushed over the the counter to Bill.

Bill took the bundle and laid down a dollar bill.

"Ye kin divide it between ye," advised Bill, as he turned and walked off, and the cracker-box audience shouted tumultuously, as twelve brawny paws slapped twelve legs with resounding whack.

The Point of View.

Teacher—Tommy, how many is the half of eight?

Tommy—On top or sideways?

Teacher—What do you mean by on top or sideways?

Tommy—Why, half from the top of 8 is 0, and half of it sideways is 3.

An Awful Shock.

A woman who has been married seven years recently cleaned out a writing-desk that had belonged to her father, whose death occurred a few months ago, and came across a bundle of receipts as big as a man's arm, tied with red tape and marked on the outside "For Mary." She opened them and saw that they were receipts for her trousseau bills. The woman's heart soon grew a bit sweet, made by herself, and she has worn it two years. When she read the receipts of lace she had put on the wedding gown at $1 a yard she grabbed for a fan, but had a fit before she reached it. She revived somewhat, but again scattered rugs over the floor when she read that her wedding glove cost her father $36 and her shoes cost him $47. She wears 15-cent hose now, and fairly fainted at the mouth when she found that some of her wedding hose cost her $3 a pair. And then she came on a receipt for $17 for embroidering a sheet, she tore out all the hair she had around on her head and was beginning on that which grew there, when a merciful unconsciousness overtook her. Her last thought was of the sum total of the trousseau, and those figures swimming before her eyes and her husband's voice grumbling in the next room because the monthly bill was 10 cents more than a month ago, proved too much! She was nineteen hours coming to.

High Kicker.

Rastus Pinegrove—I heered ye sold dat saddle horse o' yours for two dollars.

Ham Pones—I done had to; every time de rambunkulous steed seed a scrapiane he tried t' kick it.

Towser's Loss.

"Hello, old chap," greeted the crowd at the club. "Back from your hunting trip. Bag anything?"

"No," responded Chappy Badshot, wearily.

"Well, no wonder. You are a back number. The idea of going hunting with a tailless pointer."

"Oh, don't blame poor Beppo! He had a tail when he started."

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THE GOBBLER'S REVENGE.

Willie had an awful dream,
Too awful to repeat.
He dreamed about Thanksgiving
And things that he would eat.

When all at once a turkey
Three times as big as he
Sprang up before him in his dream
As angry as could be.

Poor Bill was on a platter
The turkey prepared to sup
And then, I'm happy to relate,
Poor Billie boy woke up.

Johnny's Thankfulness.

I think it very wrong for a boy not to be thankful when Thanksgiving comes. I can lie on my back in bed in the morning and figure out that, I ought they kick off their doorsteps next day. I had never attended one of the perform-sauces before, but had heard all about 'em, and I went hungry for three days in order to have lots of room to stow away the good things. I was welcomed at a ball. Half a dozen ladies almost cried over me. I was seated at a table and told to pitch in, and as fast as I cleared away everything in sight they put on a new supply. It took an hour by the clock to fill up.

"And then what?"

"Then that ladies insisted that I must be hungry, and they brung on more turkey and goose and chicken. After that there was more 'tater and bread and butter and coffee. If I stopped waggin' my laws for a minit a beautiful lady would rush to me and say:

"'Now dear, you must coax your appetite. You will be hungry as soon as

A CALL FOR HELP.

"Help, pop! Old Thanksgiving dinner's a-gobblin' me!"

to be thankful that I am not a mud turtle instead of a boy.

That I can lick George Smith with one hand tied behind me.

That my dear schoolteacher has got a sore throat and can't eat any Thanksgiving turkey.

That a boy can go out evenings and have some fun without being torn to pieces by hyenas.

That father and mother are mad at each other about half the time, and thus I escape about three lickings a week.

That my Uncle Jim is dead, and won't be with us this Thanksgiving to eat up half the turkey.

That my Aunt Sarah is snowed under out in Montana and can't be with us this year to advise my mother not to let me stuff myself.

That the Judge let father off on suspended sentence so he might be with us on the day.

That mother has hunted around and found a grocer who trusts.

That I can outrun the boy policeman on this beat.

That I've got the only fighting dog around here.

That I haven't been turned into a giraffe, with my hind legs so long that I have to keep stooping to get walking over all the lost pocketbooks.

That I've got three rat traps, an old clock, a bottle of powder, a railroad torpedo and a pistol to play with during the day, and that if I am mortally injured my dear parents will sue some street car company and get heavy damages.

None for Him.

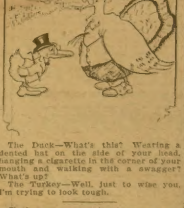
"Where am I goin' to fill up on Thanksgivin' Day?" repeated the tramp when asked the question in a casual way and without intent to hurt his sensitive feelings. "Nowhere, sir. That is, I shan't fill up more than on any other day."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, I was in New York City last year when the day came around. Them rich women allus put out a spread for us on that day. They hire four or five halls and make a great adoe over the man you start in to eat. Please do try and oblige me.'

"That's the way they kept it up for over two hours, and when I finally escaped I felt as full as a haystack and as big as a barn. That night at the lodgin' house fifty of us was rollin' around in agony, and some of us had to go to the hospital, and it was a good four weeks before I could sit down to a raw turnip and make it taste natural. Oh, no; no more for me! Charity is all right in its place, but when one attempt is made to assassinate me I'm wise to a second."

Wise Old Bird.



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